Second Annual
8th August 1945

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3rd. YEAR OF PUBLICATION

Editor
Joachim Alva

That August March . . . unto victory . . . .

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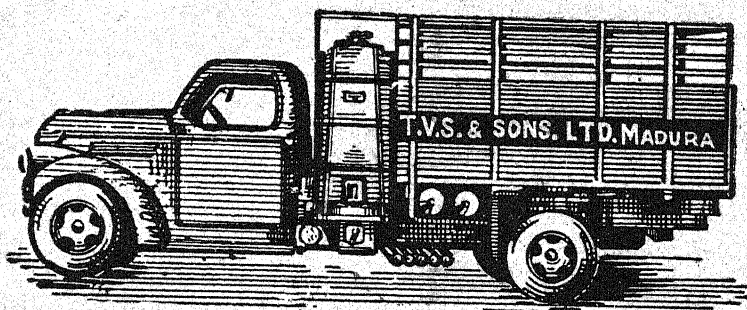
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FORUM

THE INDIAN WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Vol. 4] August 8, 1945 [No. 1

TELLING THE PEOPLE EDITORIAL

1857 — 1957

Thrice Hit Before Our Third Year

Thrice have we been hit already before entering today on the third year of our existence. The moment we filed a declaration as publisher and printer of this weekly newsmagazine, the Government of Bombay ordered the security of Rs. 500/- to be deposited. It was an act of infanticide and the baby survived the onslaught. Within ten months after that, the second order was made demanding a security of Rs. 2,000/- from us with another order for Rs. 1,000/- on the then printer of the paper, *The New Jack Printing Works*. The order arose out of the *Forum* editorial *Halt This March Of The Gallows* in regard to the fate of the Chimur and Ashti prisoners. We moved the Full Bench of the Bombay High Court and snatched a victorious verdict in our favour. Now again, a fortnight ago, the Government served another order demanding a deposit of Rs. 3,000/- on account of the editorial in April last entitled *Settling Accounts*, which demanded that every unworthy son and daughter of the motherland be brought before the tribunal of an Independent and National India. Our press, the *Hindusthan Printing Works* has not been spared and the sum of Rs. 1,000/- was demanded from the Keeper, K. Hariram Rao. The police had not even the patience to await the return of the Keeper, who has gone on a short holiday and have pasted the notice on the door of the press in indecent hurry.

The Lokmanya and the Mahatma Faced it

The Government of Bombay seemed to carry out the behests of the departed acting Governor, Sholapur-famed Sir Henry Knight, who, we are told, has left definite instructions that the authorities shall brook no delay in taking action against *Forum* by every means at their disposal. Hence the Government, as reported, issued orders one for security and the other for the arrest of this editor on a charge of sedition and both were awaiting execution when he was away covering the Wavell Talks at Simla. Such was the prevalent spirit which British Civilian bureaucrats nurtured in the Sholapur and Satara regime tried to promulgate on this side of the land. Only an emphatic, determined protest of the Press Advisory Committee has temporarily halted the action of the Government in executing the warrant lying with the Commissioner of Police. This contemplated, double-edged action will no doubt shoot forth its own inherent vagaries of law when, perhaps, the High Court, and the initial court of the Chief Presidency Magistrate will at one and the same time sit in judgment on the same fact—*Forum's* editorial *Settling Accounts*. The Government was not content with the opinion of Legal Remembrancer Moos, who has never been kind to the press in the past. They put the matter of the *Forum* before Advocate-General Dapthary whose opinion having been in their favour, Sir Henry Knight left orders that the attack both ways should be forthwith launched. The ghosts of Sholapur pursued this ex-Civilian and the stories of high-handedness in the Satara District capped them all. We refuse to believe that the present Governor of Bombay, Sir John Colville, trained in the parliamentary tradition of the Commons, will be an easy party to the policy of his acting Governor. However, if Government still pursues this matter nothing glorious can crown the short journalistic career of this editor than to be hauled up by that prince of penalties—sedition and disaffection of the Indian Penal Code. Mahatma Gandhi and Lokmanya Tilak before him were prosecuted under Section 124/A. Anyway it will be grand fun to be before a Sessions Jury!

Government First Settle Their Own Accounts With Forum

The Government first started settling their accounts with *Forum* in their own manner. When a permit for electric licence was sought for our press, they turned it down on the ground of non-essentiality for war, though a permit to start the press was granted. Where on earth have you heard of the same authority granting a permit to start a factory and then refusing it electricity? Thereafter, it is reported, the Government of Bombay recommended that every Government advertisement issued by the Government of India should be forthwith stopped. The irony of it is that the National War Front advertisements have been going abegging to every paper in India but the unprecedented thing happened of stopping them where they were issued before, though unsolicited. In the wake of the past express trunk telephone calls from Tottenham's Home Department of the Government of India crying out for our blood, the action of the Bombay Government seemed trifle!

The Central Provinces Government have penalised Mr. Sheorey,

the editor of *Independent* and demanded a security for having reproduced the "offending" editorial from the *Forum*. The Government is still on the lookout if there are other papers which have caught the infection though Muslim League organ *Dawn* editorially answered *Forum's* attack. Perhaps the last editorial written for the *Dawn* by its first editor, Pothan Joseph, now Principal Information Officer to the Governemnt of India, was, as is reported, the reply to the *Forum's Settling Accounts*. Madras Justice organ *Liberator*, also took up *Dawn's* cry.

That August March!

Thus have adverse winds blown hot and blazing currents against us. But the spirit engendered by the *Forum* cannot be crushed out. We were born of the August movement and that August march has to go on until final victory. One Sunday morning the beloved leaders of the Indian nation were transported behind prison walls of fortresses and dungeons and many of them are still lingering without trial or hope of speedy release. Jaiprakash Narain and Lohia are rotting within the Agra Fort; many were tortured within the dungeons of the Delhi Fort. Ailing Aruna Asaf Ali has to flee from her ailing husband and the prize marked on Achyut Patwardhan's head has been tempting enough for the tribe of informers to butt in and close upon him. We cannot halt. There may be temporary compromises, negotiations or settlements, but there can be no final settlement of accounts with British Imperialism until we are able to breathe the air of a completely free and independent India. Every prisoner rotting inside prison walls shall have to be set free without any qualification or condition before there can be final peace between Britain and India. That obligation cannot be just transferred by Britain unto Indian shoulders. That is an irksome job which they themselves should discharge if they want to usher in peace and goodwill in this country. Every prison house shall yield up its prisoner, whether he be held up indefinitely for his love of non-violence or an alleged crime of violence. A free and independent India will make no bones about her sons and daughters who may have been roped into the law courts for violence or non-violence. No other country in the world has made such restrictions where her own children are concerned when they warred against the invader or the common foe. This land can be termed free and independent only when every one of her daughters and sons shall be free to roam this land, indulge in every kind of civil liberty, give expression to every kind of thought and action (as long as it does not endanger the security of her or his neighbour) and promulgate far-reaching social, economic and cultural activity. Even the ghost of those conditions do not exist today nor do they seem to be ushered in at all in the immediate future. They will come in only when a determined, desperate and last minute stand shall have been made by the Indian people for their freedom, through the maximum and total amount of sacrifice of their lives, with an infinite quantity of their toil and blood. The world has been moving fast with cyclonic rapidity but, alas, unhappily not for poor India! Our chains are the same old ones and our slavery does not seem to come to an end. Lloyd George exalted the members of the Indian Civil Service and picked out the white, British ones as against the Indians! The Indian members of the Indian Civil Service have no doubt got some fat jobs; but their British counterparts have been invested with real overweening power and position as against their Indian brethren.

Sholapur Knight Going to Sind

Fancy Sir Henry Knight of Sholapur notoriety being tipped for the next Governorship of Sind and the organ of British Raj in this country, the *Times of India* openly hinting at that. If father-in-law Robbi and son-in-law Henri were both called upon to reign at Malabar Point, the latter must at least find a permanent place at the cliffs at Karachi. But he will not come if there is a Congress Ministry. So says the *Times*. Thank the Lord for these small mercies! British Raj could find only one Indian out of the millions of Indians to be appointed as the first and last Inidan Governor, the late Lord Sinha, for Bihar. And even his life was made miserable by the British members of the Indian Civil Service. He resigned in disgust and packed off from the Patna Government House. But places are still found by British Raj for white superannuated servicemen, outcasts of Indian public opinion to be put in the gubernatorial seats of the Indian Government. Lloyd George and men like Churchill Amery & Co., wanted the hegemony of the British element in the Indian Civil Service to be preserved for all time. The British I.C.S. man rules the land today and it is a tragedy to contemplate about superannuated, inefficient and oppressive British members of that service wielding real authority in this land, in charge of millions of population with whose fate they have gambled and consigned into the dustbins of the Bengal famine. When the Allied nations showed us the horrors of Nazi land they showed us not the other side of the medal, at least where the Bengal famine was concerned. It may be easy to forgive, as Lord Wavell pleads, but difficult to forget the deaths of millions of our countrymen.

What Can Labour Do?

Not even the Labour parliamentary landslide in England can ever effect a landslide in the politics of this country. Lloyd Georges and Churchills may come and be thrown off the pedestal, but not the British members of the Indian Civil Service whose powers and prerogatives have marched from strength to strength and they have now constituted a sort of legion of blackmail services, whose aid and tolerance are sought for with humility to grant concessions to Indian nationalism. The British element in the I.C.S. has been the arch enemy of Indian nationalism. It created both the Bengal Partition and the Bengal Famine troubles. Thereafter it became the notorious policeman of British Raj during the August days and thereafter. Until the back of their power is broken by an advancing, aggressive force of Indian nation-

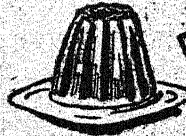
alism, there is no hope left for us. From the Labour bosses of Britain we expect little!

Shattered Promises and Elusive Formulae

British Raj has thwarted the march of nationalism with hopes and promises. Burma Governor-eject Sir Henry Dorman-Smith, who is now transformed Burma Governor-elect, unerringly wrote the epitaph on the Burma tombstone of British Raj in 1943:

> *"Neither our word nor our intentions are trusted in that part of the globe . . . . We have fed such countries as Burma on political formulae until they are sick at the very sight and sound of a formula, which has come as far as my experience shows, to be looked upon as a very British means of avoiding a definite course of action."*

We are grateful to world-famed *Time* for this valuable bit of British self-introspection.

Formulae British Raj has flourished by the dozens during their relations with this country stretching back from the period of our first mutiny in 1857. Within the space of the next twelve years, we shall have hit a century of our serfdom since those glorious days when the men and women from the Hindu and Muslim communities specially in the North spilt their blood in common for the deliverance of their motherland. If, within the next twelve years, we do not make a grand, final attempt to free ourselves for good from the shackles of foreign domination, then there is no hope left for us. Twelve years seems to be too short in the history of a nation, but long enough when we contemplate the history of the French people today. In 1940, France lay prostrate at the feet of the Hun. Fifth column activity had eaten out the vitals of French freedom. Joachim Von Ribbentrop's stooge Abetz created havoc in the life of Paris and the march of the Hun across the French meadows and vineyards was easily achieved. But within barely four years, the same French people, who wept such bitter tears over their bondage were roused to the utmost by the ancient spirit of Joan of Arc as exemplified through De Gaulle's call that they were able to stand up again as one nation and thrash the oppressors out. Since 1857 India has made five strenuous attempts to regain her freedom: 1920! 1930! 1932! 1940! 1942! We cannot rest until we achieve the goal and may the next one fight furnish the final answer. The Indian National Congress which has borne the brunt of these national struggles for freedom will still have to play the last act in the drama. It shall then have achieved its final triumph and thereafter be dissolved within the bosom of the Indian nation.

THE LATE SIR PHEROZESHAH MEHTA

UNCROWNED KING OF BOMBAY

The month of August is historic for it witnesses the synchronisation of certain events of national importance to our country which arouse both sad and inspiring memories—the death anniversary of the veteran patriot Bal Gangadhar Tilak, the observance of Liberty Week, which is symbolic of the peoples' determination to continue the fight for freedom as embodied in the "Quit India" Resolution, and above all, the Centenary celebrations of the doyen of Indian nationalism, the father of the Bombay Municipal Corporation and the patriarch of our early patriots, the late Sir Pherozeshah Mehta. Thirty years have fleeted away since his death, and the world has undergone many changes and so has India. Engrossed as we are in the vortex of the Catastrophic events of today, we are apt to forget the value of the services rendered by the pioneers who laid the foundation of our national awakening and the fruits of whose achievements the present generation enjoys.

The City's Floral tributes

The imposing ceremony one witnessed last week at Bori Bunder and the various other meetings and functions held in respectful memory of this illustrious son of India are a poor estimate of the invaluable services redered by him in the manifold fields of his activity. The majestic 45 feet tall statue the guiding spirit of the Bombay Municipal Corporation for over forty years, which stands in front of the Corporation building as if to guard the cherished rights and liberties of this august civic body, was flooded with floral tributes paid by the various organisations and associations of the city, headed by Dr. Alban D'Souza, the Mayor. The vast gathering that mustered on the occasion was thrilled when the 76 year old Lady Pherozeshah Mehta, the living symbol of this departed leader, climbed up the stairs to garland her late husband's statue.

Tragic Contrast

His life and achievments are an open book to the citizens of Bombay to require mention. He was not a man of catchwords and shibboleths, but of principles and ideals which he strove incessantly to put into practice. He considered himself an Indian first and a Parsee next. But, how in tragic contrast to this lofty ideal, our present day leaders style themselves "I am a Muslim first and an Indian next", or "I am a Hindu first and an Indian next". If only these men imbibed the spirit of this departed patriot, whose memory we are honouring to-day, our country would have considerably advanced towards the goal of self-government. It is a starving, half-naked and emasculated generation that pays homage to this apostle of nationalism, the guardian of civic rights and undaunted fighter of the rights of man. The country in its present sad plight requires the services of men of Sir Mehta's calibre. Let the memory at least of this veteran leader inspire those leaders to shred the canker of communalism which is disrupting the unity and strength of our nation and work for the amelioration of our down-trodden masses.

Lady Mehta

Our representative went to pay respects to Lady Mehta on this memorable occasion. One expected to see the "Uncrowned Queen" of this "Uncrowned King". But it was a surprising and pleasing experience on being greeted by an old, amiable, unostentatious lady, who shuns publicity and prefers to remain in seclusion. She obligingly led our man around the rooms of that beautiful imposing *Oomer Mansion,* the den of the lion and there was a revived air of greatness all around. *Forum* Cameraman snapped her much against her will and the result is displayed opposite.

LET'S UNITE

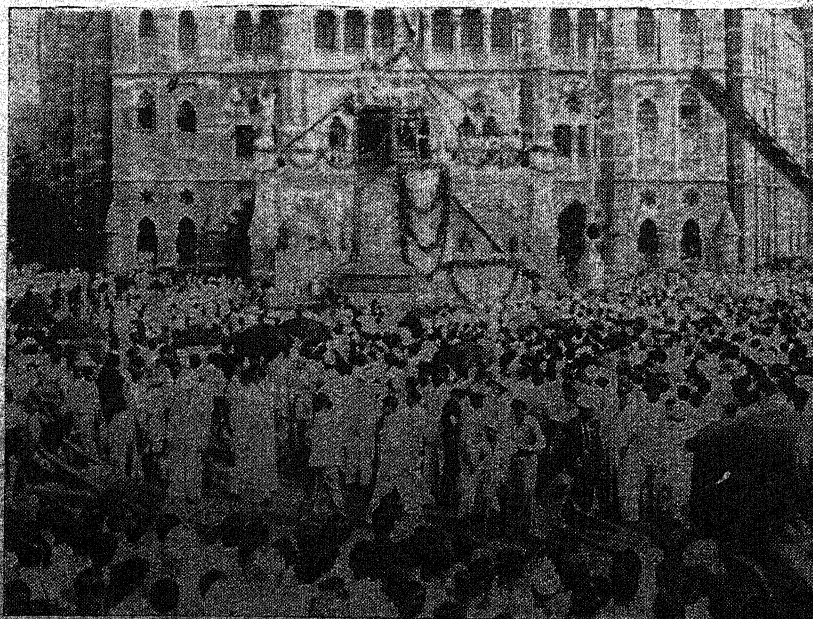
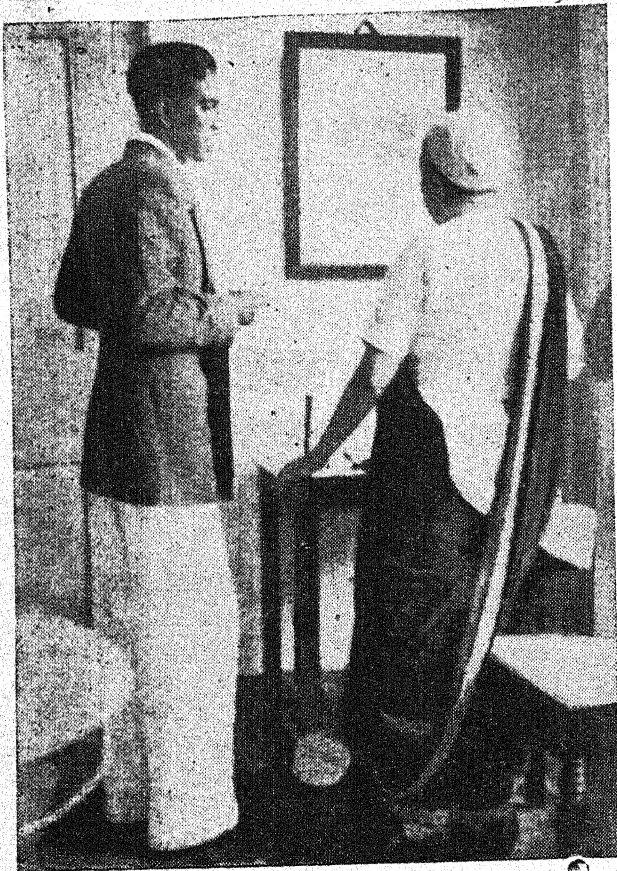
India has lived as one country from time immemorial. If one can divide a living body in two parts one can divide India in two parts.

Mahatma Gandhi

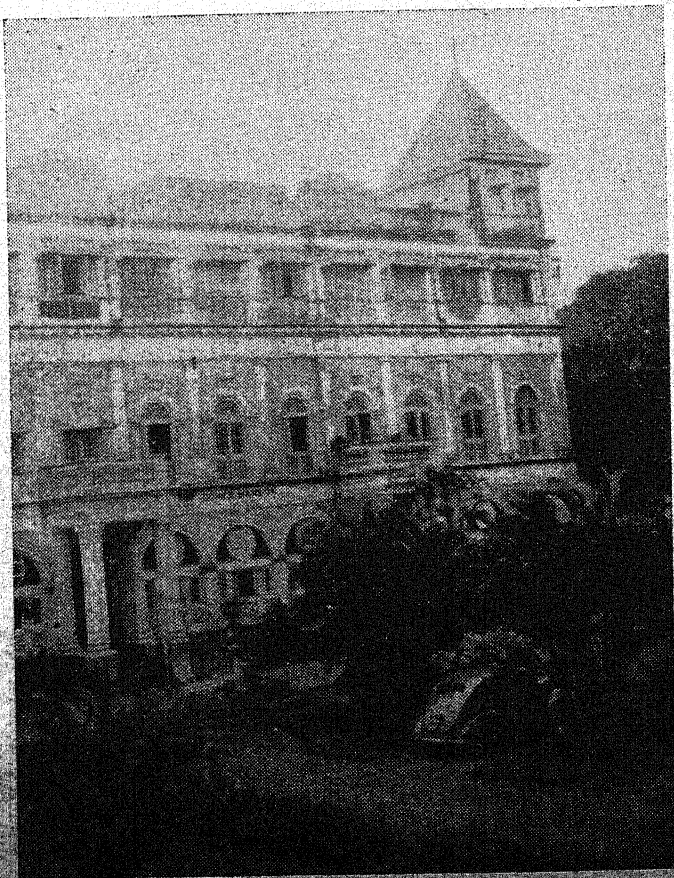
(Space donated)

THAT UNCROWNED KING OF BOMBAY

Sir Pherozeshah Mehta
Indian first, Parsee next . . . .

Lady Pherozeshah Mehta
A nation's greetings . . . .

A view of the multitude at the function when the Mayor garlanded the statue of Sir Pherozeshah Mehta.

Forum representative, K. N. M. Pillai, being received by Lady Mehta.

Lady Mehta pointing out to our representative her husband's picture from a group photo.

Lady Mehta kindly wrapping up photos for the *Forum*.

Domer Mansion at Warden Road, where the "Uncrowned King" reigned.

9TH OF AUGUST, 1942 ★

S. K. Patil

MEMORIES OF THAT GREAT DAY

Under instructions of the Congress President the whole of Congress-India will be celebrating the 9th of August this year as it did in the years past. What is the magic of this 9th of August? Was it a historic day in any real sense? Would it be long remembered in the political history of this country? Does the country really feel enthusiastic about the celebration of this day? These and many such questions must be crowding the minds of those who have lived through the hectic days that followed the 9th of August 1942. Opinions may differ as to certain incidents which are associated with the memories of this day but I have no doubt that the general consensus of opinion will regard this day as the most historic since 1857. Never before did political India re-act as a nation to what was nothing less than a national insult.

How can India forget the events that took place for several weeks after this fateful day? The leonine violence of Government, the orgy of repression which would make even the Fascist methods pale into insignificance by contrast, the courageous stand taken by an unarmed people, the acts of individual bravery and fearlessness—these and many such events will ever remain unforgettable in the minds of men and women who had to be the actors of this great drama.

The Controversy

There is no small amount of controversy among Congressmen themselves on the question whether the 1942 movement was started by the Congress. Gandhiji in his very clear analysis of the movement has repeatedly pointed out that it was not started by the Congress and, therefore, the Congress could not be held responsible for what happened. Leaders like Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Shankerrao Deo and a few others have made statements publicly taking the responsibility on themselves for all that happened after 9th August 1942. We need not be unduly perturbed by these seeming differences of opinion. Paradoxical as it may appear the stand taken by the exponents of both the views are quite correct. When Gandhiji disavows responsibility of starting the movement he takes his stand on facts which are irrefutable. Did not the resolution of 8th August clearly lay down:

> "The Committee resolve *to sanction*, for the vindication of India's inalienable right to freedom and independence the starting of a mass struggle *on non-violent lines* on the widest possible scale, so that the country might utilize all the *non-violent strength* it has gathered during the last 22 years of peaceful struggle. Such a struggle must inevitably be under the leadership of Gandhiji and the Committee requests him to take the lead and guide the nation in the steps to be taken."

What was done by the A.I.C.C. was merely to sanction a movement. The call for such a movement was to have been given by Mahatma Gandhi. It does not require extraordinary legal mind to differentiate between sanctioning a movement and giving a call to start it. Gandhiji never had an opportunity of taking the direction of the movement and so also of giving the call to start a movement. If, at the end of the promised negotiations with the Viceroy, he was ultimately compelled, much against his will, to start a movement, surely such a movement would have been accompanied by the fullest details as to the manner and the method in which it had to be carried on. Many of the alleged excesses could have been avoided. It was in this context that Gandhiji claims, and rightly so, that the Congress never started any movement. When the other leaders bravely take the responsibility of the happenings which followed the 9th August 1942, they are equally on sure grounds. Who can deny that the phenomenal re-action to repression and violence of which the nation gave a wonderful demonstration was a result of the training in courage and sacrifice which the people of this country had received from the Indian National Congress. The Congress, therefore, cannot run away from the responsibility of those happenings. We need not be harsh on those who might have erred on the side of over-hitting the mark. We must remember that the masses after 9th August were left leaderless and utterly helpless. No central direction was possible because the Government would not allow it. The organisations which would have controlled the masses and regulated their actions were outlawed by the Government. In these circumstances, if the excesses took place I do not think that the responsibility was wholly of the people who are alleged to have committed these excesses. It is, therefore, unnecessary and wholly undesirable at this stage to hold any post-mortem on what happened during those fateful days. It would have been a dead nation if the people had quietly and unresistingly submitted to an unprovoked attack on their national honour.

S. K. Patil
those hectic days . . . .

Master of Slogans

9th August will ever remain memorable for another reason and that is the two big poliical slogans which Gandhiji gave to the nation. The one was 'QUIT INDIA' and the other 'DO OR DIE'. Gandhiji is an extraordinarily skilful master of national slogans. He has the unique knack of concentrating nation's attention on what he wants to be done. Both these slogans are the very essence and quintessence of that historic resolution of August 8. What happened on August 9 and thereafter has opened the eyes of the Congress to many unforgettable things. It was a crucible in which India's patriotism was tried. A powerful flashlight was thrown on the organisational strength and defects of the Indian National Congress. The unequivocal and forthright stand taken by the Congress on August 9, should help in sorting out the friends of freedom from freedom's open enemies and pseudo-friends. For all these and many other things India will ever remember and never forget the epoch-making day of the 9th of August 1942. It will go down in our national history as a Day on which a whole people, convinced of the justice of its cause and conscious of its growing strength, made supreme sacrifices for national freedom. Long Live the Memories of this Great Day!

TOWARDS FREEDOM

Ashok Mehta

TECHNIQUE OF OUR STRUGGLE

Coming out after nearly three years in jail, there is a natural urge in me to look around and seek to understand the world as it has changed and grown in the 153 weeks of my incarceration. Such an effort becomes all the more necessary in the case of a person like me who was arrested on the morning of 9th August and who missed the great,, uplifting experience of directly participating in the national upheaval. As one surveys the fact, one finds a division of opinion. Young men, fired with ecstatic enthusiasm have a fanatical adherence to what they call the August spirit. Older men, who have lived through many movements, are no less proud of the glorious achievements of our people but are somewhat lukewarm in treating the 1942 movement as something unique and marking a new departure. By bringing a historical perspective on the question it is perhaps possible to reconcile both the points of view. Such a perspective will show the two strands of continuity and novelty in the popular upsurge of 1942.

Proud Association With Historic Movements

I had the good fortune to be associated in some form or another, with the youth movement of 1927-1930, the Civil Disobedience Campaigns of 1930 and 1932-34 and the freedom movement of 1940-41 and 1942-45. As I look back I see a slow yet definite evolution in the technique of our struggle. The evolution is a result partly of our growing strength and partly of the changing situation. In 1927 when young people in this city entered the political arena under the inspiring leadership of Yusuf Meherally, they had great enthusiasm but no clear vision. The driving impulse of the Youth League was to take the politics of the Congress from the Council Chambers into the streets. The youths organised processions, observed hartals, fared lathi charges. Their immediate objective was to make the Congress accept the goal of independence. The question of achieving independence could arise only after the goal had been accepted in all its implications. The question was kept in the forefront from the time of the Madras Congress (1927) to the Lahore Congress (1929) when on that historic night of 31st December, on the banks of the Ravi, the flag of freedom was hoisted by Jawaharlal Nehru. The first phase ends here. The goal of the Congress was changed, its politics ceased to be confined to Councils, a new dynamism was added to its constructive programme.

1930

The next big stride was taken in 1930. Who can forget those glorious days: the mammoth meetings, the mile-long processions, the prabhat-feries, the wide-spread defiance of salt laws, and the heroic sacrifices made by many a Babu Genus. Lakhs of people participated in these mass demonstrations; thousands courted arrest. But it is necessary to remember that the whole movement was developed and was partly sustained in an atmosphere of civil liberties. There were the War Councils openly functioning in the City, "Waging their War" on the Government in unfettered freedom until they chose to perform an overt act of disobedience. Behind the war councils, the continuity of the movement was maintained by a shadow cabinet, which included, *inter alia*, Umashanker Dixit, Mulraj Cursondas and Yusuf Meherally. The shadow cabinet planned and directed the movement openly. It remained in the background, it functioned quietly, but it was never underground. The 1930 movement was a mass movement but it never challenged and never menaced the authority of the British Raj. Certain obnoxious laws were defied, the punishments were freely accepted, nay, welcomed. The moral basis of British rule was completely blasted but its political foundations were not touched.

1932

In early 1932 the Government forced a struggle on the Congress.

Ashok Mehta
the night is still dark . . . .

One fine morning, all over the country, the leading congress workers were arrested and put into prison. Ordinances were issued depriving the people of the usual civil liberties. The Government hoped that the people, rendered leaderless, would be cowed down. It was a new situation and the people, hardened by the 1930 experiences, were equal to it. In Bombay, Umashanker Dixit foiled the attempt to arrest him, went underground, and directed the campaign from "somewhere in Bombay." The underground initiative and control was a new phenomenon in the Congress movement. Among those who were associated with Dixit in the organisation of the underground, was Achyut Patwardhan. But it woud be wrong of us to compare the underground of 1932 with the underground of 1942. There too, there has been a marked evolution, more people went to jail in 1932-33 then in 1930. The campaign lacked the demonstrative aspect of 1930. It no longer was a movement in which men could participate with little or no risk. It had become a movement where association inevitably led to imprisonment. Its lack of demonstrative facade was more than made up by the toughness it showed to

Government's repression. But in this movement too, there was no direct challenge to the authority of the Government. Against severer repression, and without civil liberties, people sought to repeat the pattern of the 1930 struggle. There was picketing, there was flag salutations, there was breach of salt laws, there were meetings and processions against Police ban—in short a determined reiteration of the 1930 pattern.

1942

In 1942 the picture is different. We have moved very much further. Our leaders had asked us to behave as outlaws, that is, to deny the authority of the British. Aptly has the movement been described as the Quit India movement. On the 9th August when the infuriated people came out into the streets they were no longer satisfied with demonstrating or breaking obnoxious laws. They strove, and not without success to tear the British authority limb by limb. The whole character of the movement was in the nature of a challenge to the very existence of British rule in this country. The civil liberties of 1930 were nowhere. The limited forms of resistance organised in 1930-32 were left far behind. In 1942 the British authority was directly challenged and in some places destroyed. In this movement the underground meant much more than a guide, it became a source of inspiration.

The Next Round

The next movement, the last round in our struggle for freedom, will have to go beyond the 1942 picture. It will not be enough to challenge and destroy the British authority. We shall be able to preserve the gains of our Revolution and build our state only if we move beyond challenging and destroying the British authority and project in its place an authority forged by the people in revolt. The concluding pattern of our struggle will show not merely destruction of the British authority but the concurrent emergence of an Indian authority evolved in the stress and the context of the Grand Revolution that is to come.

JAIL REMINISCENCES

Dr. A. G. Tendulkar

FIVE YEARS OF A FIERY ORDEAL

The jail gates of Belgaum Central Prison closed behind me on the 11th June, 1940, on a sun-lit afternoon. The same wooden gates opened wide to let me out on the 14th July, 1945. It was a rainy day with cloud-cast sky on which I regained my freedom and drew a deep breath of happiness. For five years and one month I was a prisoner of the Bombay Government. For the first three years I did not know and could not guess why I was picked up from life and given a living burial. After three years, Bombay Government informed me of their two grounds for my detention. One was imaginary and the other was contradicted by facts. Both grounds concerned expression of certain views which I was supposed to hold and to have expressed by implication. But when the All-India Editors passed a special resolution in my favour appointed a strong committee, with a such exponents of diverse political thought as Brelvi, Sir Francis Low, K. Srinivasan, Karandikar and Moharay formed in a committee, asked the Bombay Government to produce evidence to support their charges, when Indian journals led by *Kesari* and *Forum* ceaselessly held up my case as an illustration of unprecedented and arbitrary use of powers under the Defence of India Act, the Bombay Government very wisely promised to "reconsider" my case.

All honour and credit is due to All-India Editors for the firm and dignified attitude with which they fought out my case and secured not only my release but a vindication of my position. This act of journalistic solidarity on their part would always remain for me an inspiring memory.

Within Sight of Sewagram

I am sitting here in Sewagram and writing out these lines by the quivering light of a hurricane lantern. Across the compound and within a bare 50 feet, another lantern is shedding its light on the snow-white bed on which Gandhiji is reclining. The prayer has been just over. The sky is dimly lit by the few stars which are peeping out. A gentle breeze rustles into the leaves of the *neem* tree which spreads its branches over the Mahatma's bed. The presence of this prince of peace and forgiveness permeates the atmosphere of this place, chases away all rancour and unpleasantness and encourages the visualisation of a happier tomorrow.

Would it be right for me to sit in this place of peace and repose and call up and record the galling memories of years gone by? Years steeped in unending monotony consumed by a life-killing routine. The different seasons of the year

Dr. A. G. Tendulkar
galling memories....

made no difference to us, sea or hills became only book concepts. The jail walls ranging one behind the other kept the whole world away. I realise now why the prisoners got so hungry for newspapers, so eager for a letter, so keen for an interview. They presented our only windows on an outside world and within was all darkness. Nehru records that whilst in jail he missed the noise of women's bangles and of children's smiles. I missed many more things and missed them badly, missed them atrociously. Life was in abeyance. During the first three years I was locked up in a cell by night and how great was my misery that I could not have a look at the magnificent Indian sky arching overhead!

Nor am I keen to remember the jail officials, and by God, I know them all. The medical officers of the jail department form a category apart from the regular jail staff and some of them well deserve special attention. Their one worry and pre-occupation remains to keep within the limits of a scandalously inadequate medical budget and this they do without the least regard to prisoners' life or health.

Sack the Present Lot

There is a senior medical officer in Bombay Jail Service who invariably used to prescribe sunshine, fasting and water diet as infallible remedies on all sorts of diseases. Another attained considerable notoriety at Belgaum jail for failing to prevent and control an outbreak of cholera costing 23 lives by his callous indifference to prisoners' health. It is a devastating commentary on our national character that the European members of the medical service compare so infinitely better to their Indian colleagues. The cringing, spinelessness of Indian officers of the Jail Department, the amount of white lies in which they remain eternally entangled for want of courage of a straight answer, the solicitude with which they would like to assure us of their "national-mindedness" are most depressing. Of course, the service is not without its few lights which would make their mark even in any other country. But I have come to the conclusion that a task of great priorities awaiting the national government is the total disbandment of the present jail officials.

I may not forget to mention the jail food either. The jail food served to "C" class prisoners is inexecrable. I have no words to discribe it. To see it is to have a horror of it and a few years on this food is the surest method to ruin one's health permanently and to approach one's grave with rapid strides. When I think today of thousands of "C" class prisoners being condemned to eat their jail food, I have to struggle hard to

maintain my equanimity of mind. India is wrong to entrust the health of her political elite to the callous indifference of jail authorities, to the greed and rapacity of jail contractors and to the provisions of a jail manual so completely at variance with the prisoners' essential food needs.

The Mahatma's Kindness

Yes, why should I recall these dismal years in my memory, recall the hungry look of these array of walls shutting out life and light? Have I not met enough kindness even in those jail years to make my burden light and my journey easy? Would it not be better to make a clean slate of all that happened to wipe out the memory of horrible injustice? Would it be right to record the horrid memories in the vicinity of a man whose unfailing kindness to me was a source of unfailing strength? Did he not constantly inquire after me, express confidence in me at a time when malice, gossip and prejudice were raging round me and webbing their little neat stories, was he not the first to welcome me from the jail gates and summon me here to help me forget things? His was not the only kindness received. What of *Forum* and its editors Alvas who ask me for a few lines on my jail reminiscences?

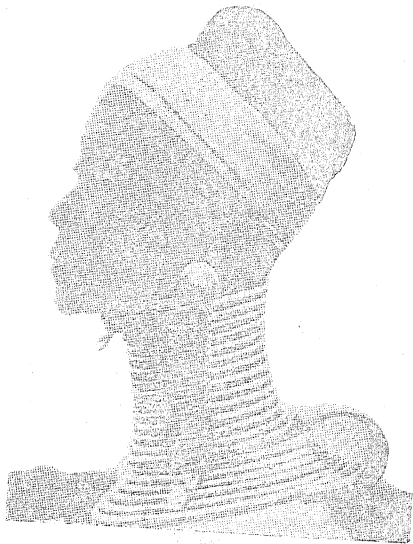
First And Last Were Worst Jail Periods

I would divide my jail life in four different periods. The first and the last were the worst. In the first period of my detention, I was kept in solitary confinement in Belgaum, without company, newspapers, letters or interviews. I was kept in a separate yard where the jail police and *baddasis* were changed every day and none was allowed to enter my yard except the chief jailor, the Superintendent and the European medical officer. That I could establish contact with the outside world within three days of my arrival was certainly no fault of the jail department nor did it correspond to the intentions of the Home Department in regard to me. This was a terrible period for me when I used to strike out from my wall-calendar, and from my life, each completed day before lying down to sleep. But even worse was the period of last four months before my actual 'liberation' when I knew that Government had to let me out but kept on dragging my case from week to week. These weeks of cruel uncertainty when I used to receive messages of my impending release from dozens of invisible pigeons which hover on the walls of every jail put me to the most severe test and my brave companion Gajanan Yalji knows that there can be nothing more tortuous than an unsettled mind. When, at last, the release order was actually served upon me I asked the friendly Superintendent to pinch my arm to make myself sure that all my nerve senses were intact.

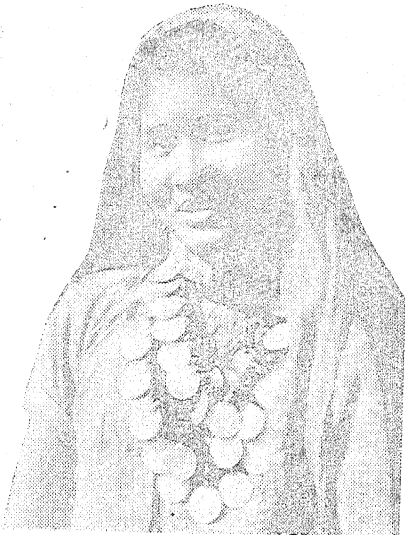
Yeravda Jail

In 1942 Yeravda Jail was so much over-crowded that some 200 of us were transferred to Reformatory School at Yeravda about two miles from the Central Jail building. I was transferred at my own request from the small "red" barrack and from the company of Dange and Batliwalla. Kaka Gadgil installed himself as the Fuehrer of the Reformatory, Naval Firodia advising the jailor how to run a smooth and peaceful show. It

continued on page 36.

PRIMITIVE FASCINATION FOR JEWELS

Burma beauty

Masai maid

African woman

Hill tribes' bride

South Algerian belle

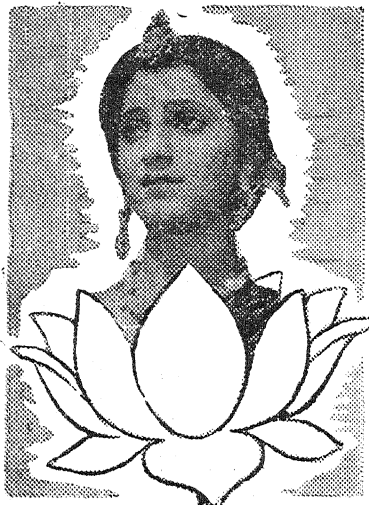
Mongolian maid

Aboriginal dame

Bhil girl

Montmartre matron

'JAYASHREE' JUBILEE

of

RAJKAMAL'S & V. SHANTARAM'S

Shakuntala

(ALL COLOURED COPY)

Screen Play: DEWAN SHARAR
Music: VASANT DESAI
Camera: V. AVDHOOT
Art: BAL GAJBAR
Sound: A. K. PARMAR
Make-up: K. PARANJPE

100th WEEK at SWASTIK

STARRING:
JAYASHREE
CHANDRAMOHAN
NIMBALKAR
ZOHRA
SHANTA RIN
VIDYA
KUMAR GANESH

WORLD RECORD CREATOR

EAST OF THE SUEZ

S. K. Chatterji

WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

(When this annual was getting ready, came an unsolicited contribution from Calcutta with a remark, "This won't find a place anywhere except in the 'Forum'." Here it goes! Welcome to a new writer.—Ed.)

East of longitude 32° as he crosses the Suez into the Red Sea things begin to change for an Englishman. An Englishman is proverbially a little Englander. His faith in everything English is profound and unshakable. His thought-process is peculiarly English and he does not believe in becoming progressive with the progress of time. He is a conservative and a believer in the *Status Quo.* His favourite poet is Browning of "God's His Heaven all's Well with World". He has a big self-imposed burden—it is the white man's burden! His Mission in life is to emanate light and culture and to impart them to the backward people all over the world, particularly in the East. Sometimes he is weighted down by his own burden but his innate tenacity carries him through. He feels he is infallible—what he knows he knows and what he does not know is not worth knowing. And lastly, he is the most dutiful man living on earth—he has special duties towards the erring and the weak,—in short all those who cannot see and do things the English Way. But east of Suez the Englishman finds things do not exist the English way. Daffodils do not blossom the same way—human beings do not live the same smug complascent life as is lived in Great Britain. The weather changes, languages become confusing and the world of black-men comes into view. The metamorphosis is quick and complete. He becomes at once a Sahib. East of the Suez and beyond the Arabian Sea stretches a vast Sub-Continent called India. India is the imperialists' preserve and also the dumping ground of all useless Englishmen. We are told by honest English historians that one such useless black sheep of an English family, one Robert Clive, first planted the Union Jack on the Indian soil where it has been flying in glory and splendour ever since.

The self imposed burden.

The imperialistic Englishmen of eighteenth century were all believers in peaceful penetration. And as a nation of Shopkeepers they were thorough in their penetration, peaceful and docile at first and arrogant and high handed afterwards.

becomes at once a Sahib

Six Per Cent

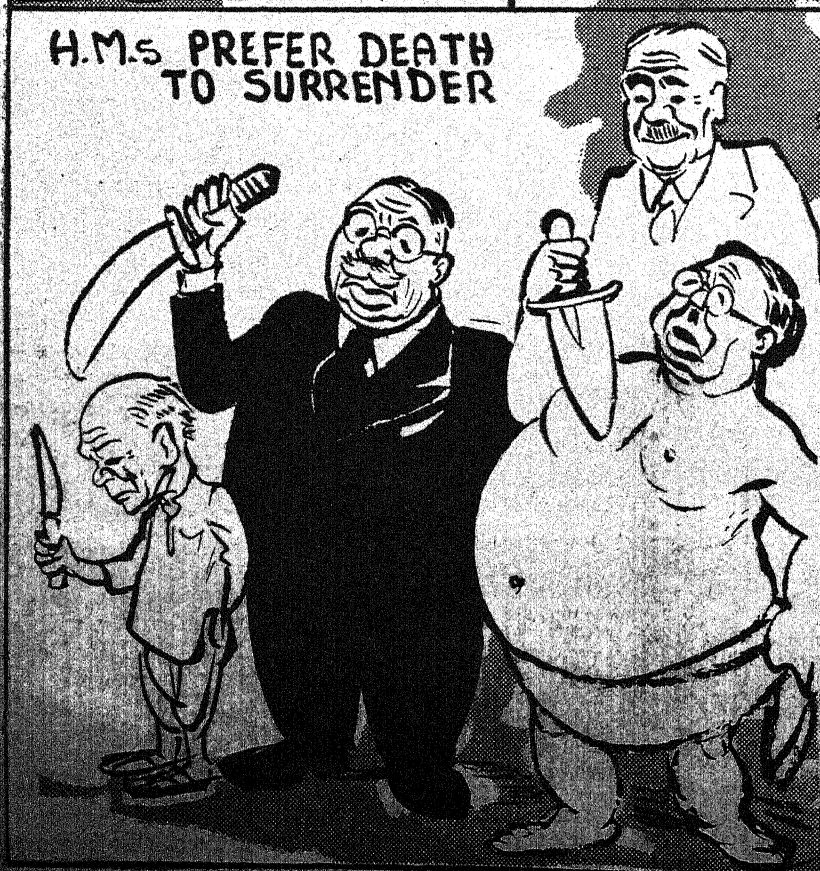
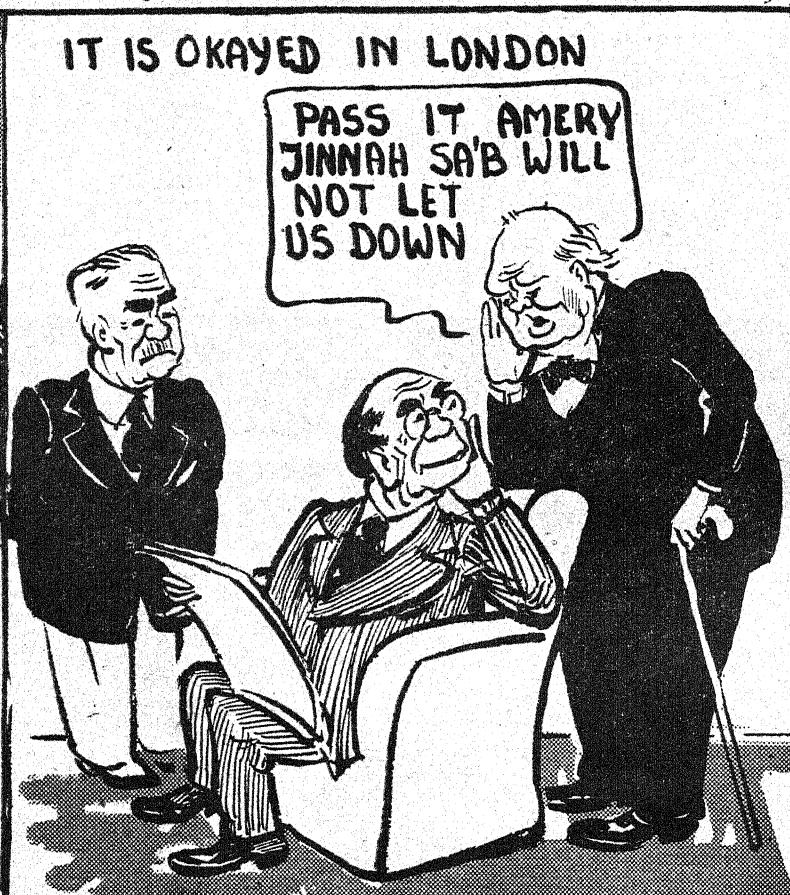
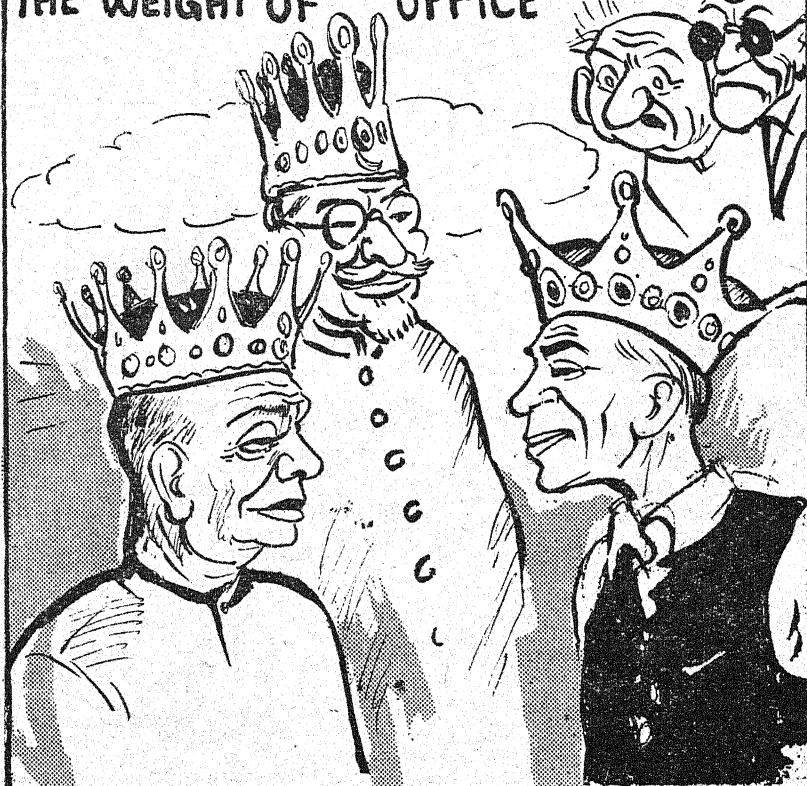
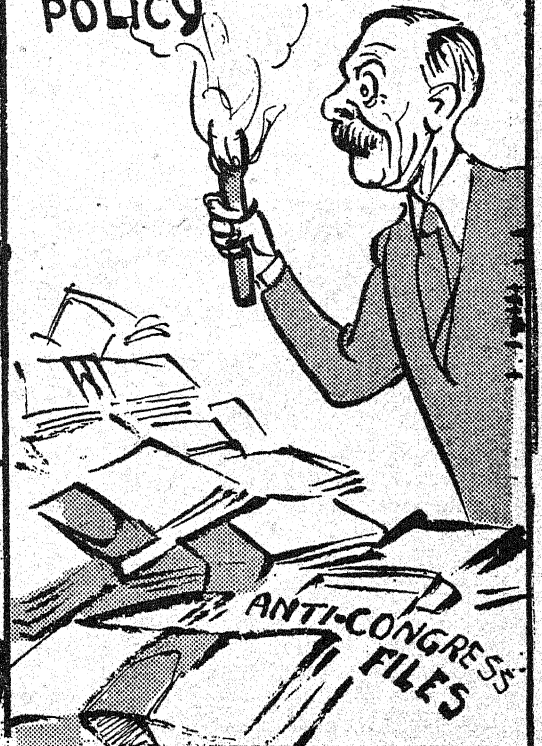
It is not known whether the remark was made by an Indian, "If you scratch an Engishman you'll find a Sahib." Now, this Sahib is an admirable gentleman and is a queer product of the East. In short, a Sahib is an Englishman who has crossed the Suez and has come to his own. A Sahib possesses all the normal characteristics of an Englishman—good and bad—and he develops some other. For instance, a Sahib must be very fond of his W. & S., he must dress up for dinner even when he is living ri[ght] in the midst of a jungle, he m[ust] make free use of some anglici[zed] Hindusthani words such as C[...] *Ekdam, Sabchiz,* etc., etc. Ald[ous] Huxley the famous English nov[el]ist makes fun of the insularity [of] the Sahib in India and says so[me] very unkind words about them [in] his *Jesting Pilate*. But even th[en] he did not see the Sahib at his best. A Sahib's most prominent mannerism is that look of condescension which he bestows on everybody, who is not a Sahib. He is really concerned about the good of the natives—but how filthy and backward these people are! A Sahib when doing charity will throw a rupee to a native beggar, may perhaps bestow a kind look, but that is all—how can he give up his *hauteur*! An Englishman at times is the most charitable person on earth. But his charity, like Lord Nufield's, is never without a motive. His sole preoccupation in life is how to make a clear six per cent. His charity, his magnanimity—everything is directed towards the realization of that aim. The earning of the six per cent. is the *ne plus ultra* of his life—he lives and dies for it.

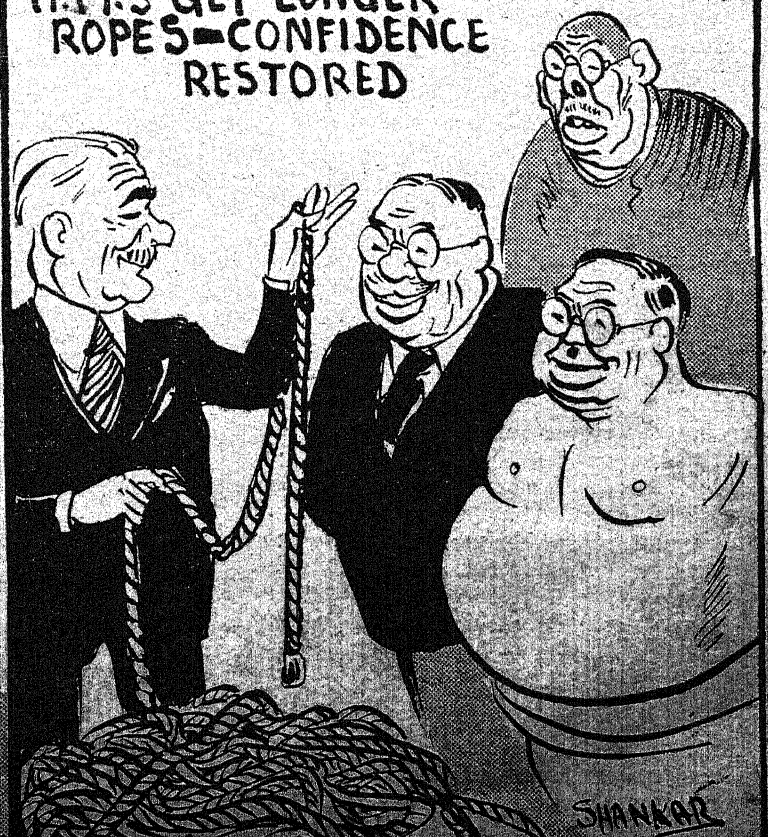
The Staff For These Natives

An Englishman is the most democratic person on earth. But a Sahib lives and works for a democracy of the British Variety. "The niggers are not yet capable of enjoying the fruits of a real democracy that is ours",—is the candid opinion of a Sahib. A Sahib may at times be a realist. But his realism is by a peculiar mental process made to be suitable for the consumption of the natives. "India must

Continued on page 50.

IT HAPPENED

SAPRU COMMITTEE
PARITY! PARITY!
HE GETS THE IDEA
WAVELL PLAN
IT IS OKAYED IN LONDON
PASS IT AMERY JINNAH SA'B WILL NOT LET US DOWN
H.M.s PREFER DEATH TO SURRENDER
BUT HE GOES AHEAD

ONE NIGHT

LEADERS START FEELING THE WEIGHT OF OFFICE
TOTTENHAM IS READY FOR SCORCHED EARTH POLICY
ANTI-CONGRESS FILES
THEN JINNAH SA'B SAYS
NO!
H.M.s GET LONGER ROPES—CONFIDENCE RESTORED
SHANKAR

SIMLA! SIMLA! SIMLA!

A. S. Iyengar

THE SPLENDOUR THAT WAS SIMLA

Simla, which suffered an eclipse of four years, thanks to Hitler's war in Europe, came to be recognised and leaped into prominence as India's capital when Lord Wavell decided to have his Conference with political leaders for a settlement. It was the temperate climate of Simla, as against Delhi in July, that determined the venue of the Conference. Almost to the same effect simultaneously Sir Ramaswami Mudaliar had spoken of the climatic good effects of San Francisco towards the result of that international Conference. Simla might not have produced the results immediatedly expected of it, but it has laid the foundation for a broad understanding between the British Government and the Indian politicians—an understanding which promises to mature in the months to come.

But, what is the future of Simla itself as the governmental capital even for the summer months, as it used to be till 1941? To this question the answer would depend largely on the attitude of the Governor-General for the time being. For it is he who has to decide whether he should be at Simla or Delhi in summer months. Lord Linlithgow was not overfond of Simla, and when Hitler decided on the European war, Lord Linlithgow did the next best thing of keeping the Government in Delhi all the years round in order to fight that menace. The war in Europe is now over and even the war with Japan is almost tapering off. The question is whether Simla will get a renewed vigour and greater recognition as India's capital even while crores of rupees have been sunk in New Delhi, not merely in the name of war, but to a partial extent even as a set off against Simla.

Curzon's Simla Splendour

The growth of Simla was *pari passu* with the growth of British rule in this country especially after Lord Curzon's regime. But previous to that it was not strictly regarded as the summer capital of the Government of India. I have myself spent neary three decades and watched the growth of Simla from a small summer camp resort nestling along the ridges of a Himalayan range to the seat of the mighty British Government of India with all amenities of the present-day life provided except for transport within the town. Time was when Simla was sought after by the Governor-General not so much for the work of administration as for escape from the heat of the plains, and as the Hon'ble Emily Eden once put it for "red cheeks and pleasure hunting." It was to the credit of Sir John Lawrence (whose statue on the Mall Road at Lahore reminds us with the insolent question whether India would like to be ruled by the pen or the sword) who was responsible for the original decision to recognise Simla as the summer headquarters of the Central Government while Calcutta used to be the winter capital. And there were not only Governors-General but Home Members and others who were getting up in the Legislature and defended the exodus to Simla. Sir Reginald Craddock in 1917 had to tell the Right Hon'ble Srinivasa Sastri that the workshop of the Indian Empire was really at Simla, and if Government decided to stop down in the plains very long, protracted noonday siestas would occupy many more hours than any amusement at Simla. I have personally watched the numerous debates both in the old Imperial Legislative Council and in the Legislature of the Montford era about the exodus of the Central Government to a hill station like Simla, but the more vigorous the protest against it the greater was the limpet-like tenacity with which Britishers clung to Simla.

Simla Doomed!

But history has its own way of building and destroying capitals as Empires. In 1940 Lord Linlithgow decided not only suspension of the Federation in India but also decided that the Central Legislature should never more meet in Simla. With that decision the future of Simla as the seat of Government was doomed. The five

A. S. Iyengar
Simla for the convalescents...

years of war in which the legislators rarely visited Simla, except for one or two meetings of the Public Accounts Committee, robbed Simla of even its summer glory. And on top of it, we have had the emigre Burma Government stationed there for three years, while a few officers of the Central Govrnment are permitted to go and have their recess from time to time; in fact, Simla was relegated as a centre for accommodating the overflow offices of the main Government stationed in Delhi. And now, on the 8th of October this year the Select Committee of the Central Legislature on the Banking Bill has been fixed to meet at Simla unless of course elections are ordered in the meanwhile and the Bill itself is thrown into cold storage. Such artificial attempts to give importance to Simla does not accord with the public sentiment associated with the capital of India. It is true that the alternative in the summer months happens to be Delhi with its horribly sweltering heat of May and June. But there seems to be no escape from it so far as Government is concerned, and the Secretariat humanity including its heaven-born servicemen has adjusted itself to it with khus-khus and cooling plants. Government can no more shift lock, stock and barrel to Simla for summer—at any rate not the Government of India whose size to-day is three times its pre-war strength.

Wavellian Sympathy and Antipathy

It is not merely the attitude of the individual Governor-General but disposition of the Members

composing his Executive Council that decides the issue whether for summer months the Government or a good part of it should go up to Simla or not. Lord Wavell, for instance, follows in the footsteps of Lord Linlithgow. He is, anti-Simlaite. So are several of his Councillors. And there are a few Councillors like Dr. Khare who suffer from high blood pressure and cannot go up a hill. Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru resigned the membership of Government in 1923 for the same reason. Of course there were others like Sir B. N. Sarma, who, though once hot-gospellers against exodus, became hot-enthusiasts so much as to extol the "democratic air" of Simla.

I remember the scene in a debate in 1922 in the Central Assembly when Sir B. N. Sarma defended the exodus to the hills. Diwan Bahadur T. Rangachariar as Leader of the Democratic party in opposition got so vexed as to exclaim "I know there would be white Bureaucrats in this House who would always favour exodus to Simla but I never knew that there would be brown Bureaucrats as well. I know Sir B. N. Sarma, as President of the Madras Mahajana Sabha sending telegrams after telegrams of protest to the Government against this wicked hill exodus. But to-day the same Sir B. N. Sarma speaks highly in favour of exodus to Simla. Sir, let us not write ourselves down as insincere patriots who say one thing one day and another thing another day".

Such were the debates in the early Montague-Chelmsford era. Since then New Delhi itself has grown and expanded enormously. Prior to 1939 when the war began, over Rs. 20 crores had been sunk. Now during the war several more crores have been spent in order to accommodate the numerous War offices, some of which threaten to become permanent in the Delhi landscape. But for the climate in the two months of May and June, there is everything to be said in favour of Delhi. But not so with Simla where men have to be used as beasts of burden. It falls to every Vicereine to go about extending sympathy for the Jhampanies. I know it was after a talk with Lady Wavell last month that even Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru visited the residential homes of some of these Jhampanies and issued a statement pleading for better housing. But as I said it is the character of the Government that should decide the future of Simla.

"Get Down the Hills"

One does not know what will be the complexion of the new Government at the Centre, and whether the Indian Members of that Government will favour going up to Simla in summer to conduct the administration from. But I may relate a conversation that took place in 1931 between Mahatma Gandhi and myself. I happened to walk along with Gandhiji into the Viceregal Lodge when he was going up for his famous interview with Lord Willingdon prior to his attending the Second Round Table Conference. He was a tremendously fast walker. But even as he was going up he halted and took rest at two or three stages. As the question of Simla's future was hanging in the balance, I enquired of Mahatma if under a Swaraj Government he woud favour Simla

A PORTRAIT OF THE EX-VICEROY, THE LATE LORD CURZON AT SIMLA
(This editor fetched it for four chips at an old curiosity shop in one of the bye-lanes of Simla. "D-d good bargain!" quipped *Times of India* news editor, K. Gopalswami, who covered Wavell Talks with distinction as their special correspondent).
faded are those glories . . . .

being the summer resort of that Government. His answer was a quick and unequivocal "No". "Not Simla, but 7000 feet below in the plains and (after a pause) at New Delhi." This was published in the papers at the time. I cannot imagine any set of individuals composing any Government in the future deciding to go to Simla. That would be offending against any spirit of administration, remote from the plains and removed from the people—a wooden type of administration which would ill accord with the conceptions of a modern Democratic Government reponsive to the people and responsible to the Legislature.

Transfer the Workshop

Giving up of the exodus of Government officials means no reflection on Simla as an ideal station for summer resort for all those who would like a change of climate for personal or private reasons. But as the workshop of Government Simla cannot continue any more. The workshop must be located amidst the people and for the people. Of course, Simla is cool. But it is certainly not healthy. The Director of Public Health, Punjab, remarks in 1939 (and the position has only worsened since) that overcrowding persists in the bazaar area where a vast majority of the houses conform to no hygienic standards whatever, and many of the houses are unfit for human habitation! No doubt there have been attempts to expand into the suburbs, but there is no room even for expansion of the size required to house the Government in a hill station like Simla. And you cannot build sky scrapers on a mountain top. On the other hand there is room for expansion in the plains, and New Delhi has been expanded now almost as far as Kutub-Minar and threatens to go even farther.

Will Attlee Condemn Simla?

Then again there is time-honoured objection to the Government of India quartering itself along with a Provincial Government. The objection to Calcutta being the capital of the Government of India because Calcutta was also the capital of the Bengal Government is advanced with even greater force against the Government of India being situated in the same place as a provincial Government. And we know already the extent to which the Punjab influences the Government of India. There is no question without the Punjab protruding into picture and dictating its terms and getting away with them. It happened in the case of a Sikh Member of the Executive Council. There was already a Muslim Member from Punjab (Sir Feroz Khan Noon), but the Sikhs wanted that there should be a Sinkh Minister at the centre and this prize had to be offered as a concession to the Punjab. Again, at the Leaders' Conference in July at Simla, it was the Punjab Government which insisted that there should be a nominee of their Government chosen by their premier to the Central Government, the reason advanced being that the Punjab contributed ten lakhs of people to the War. It is all a question of the proximity, and therefore the influence of the Provincial Government that serves as a lever. Any careful student of the recent Simla Conference proceedings will find that the Punjab pulled the strings from behind, and even Lord Wavell had to dance. There is no country in the world except perhaps South Africa where they have a Government moving between two different stations in a year. About thirty years ago when Mr. Ramsay MacDonald came to India he condemned the practice of Government running away from the people. Now the party of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has gone into full power in Britain by a thumping majority. Mr. Attllee, the new Premier, came to India as a Member of the Simon Commission 16 years ago, and he could not have formed a different impression from that of his previous chief.

Turn it into a Hospital Centre!

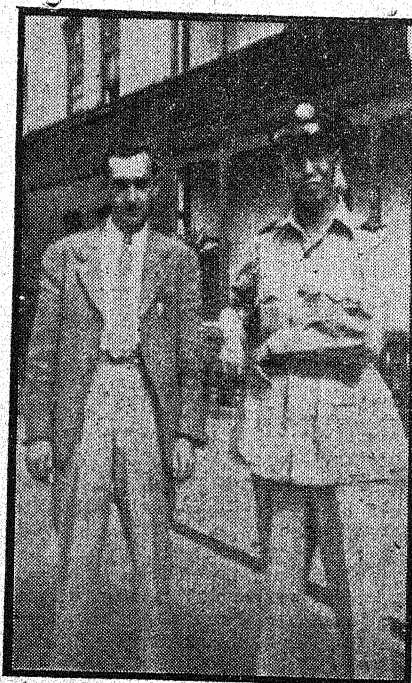
Whatever be the views of the British Government or of the Viceroy it is really the decision of the Indian Councillors that determines the location of the capital. Simla even as a summer capital for the entire Government of India which has grown in the last 30 years and more so in the last 6 years, has to be ruled out. But Simla need not be abandoned by the people. If there is any place which needs the attention of Post-War Reconstruction, it must be Simla. It must be made the capital health city for worn out people to recuperate their health. Several years ago French Writers described Simla as an ideal health resort. India does not possess many health resorts as Austria and other countries. Why not then restore Simla as the best health resort in Upper India? Our Administrators and leaders of people do require change and rest quite often. If Simla could be made to possess good hospital and health homes for the tired out and fagged out, then something would have been done. But as a seat of the Government of India its days are over. Lord Curzon described the Government of India 40 years ago as "It is not a pastime, but an ordeal." How much more so is this description true of the Government of India to-day? And so we come down to Mahatma Gandhi's dictum that an Indian Government must be in the plain with the people and for the people.

TWO FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS

BROOKS & FENG AT SIMLA

Deton Brooks
The Negro . . .

From all directions they came. Some flew, some travelled by train and car—did some down-and-outs hitch-hike? But go they must, for great news and momentous happenings were expected. Post-V-E Day developments, Far East war prospects, general elections in England—all were of secondary importance. Only the Simla talks mattered. The outside world turned its eyes on Simla. America's leading Negro daily newspaper *Chicago Defender* was also interested and teacher-turned-newsguy Deton J. Brooks covered the Talks for them. He has been in India, Burma and China theatre for 11 months now as *Chicago Defender's* Far East correspondent. A special article on the meaning of the Cripps Proposals written casually by teacher Deton Brooks won public interest and *Chicago Defender* roped him in as its assistant editor in charge of foreign affairs. In 1943 he travelled through the Carribean studying the colonial problem of Puerto Rico and economic problem of Cuba, Haiti and the Dominican republic. He saw the Mahatma at Panchgani and cabled an interesting account of him.

Born in Chicago in 1909 Deton Brooks attended the public elementary school and high school there. During school days was something of an athelete and associate editor of the school paper. He was a candidate for the United States Military Academy and stayed in the army for a short time till the doctors discovered a slight heart ailment in him. He returned and joined the University of Chicago and majored in mathematics for undergraduate work. Did teaching and took graduate work in Deparmetnt of International Relations and did special researches in international law including a somewhat lengthy study on the legal question of Sanctions as they could be applied to an aggressor nation.

F. H. Fearnley and Paul Feng
Told 'Forum' and the Anglo-Saxon . . .

Pauel Feng

Far Eastern wires were kept buzzing by tall, smiling Paul Feng, representative of *Central News Agency of China*. A Bachelor of Arts and Science of Michigan University and Doctor Juris of New York University, he returned to China in 1937, joined the *United Press of America* and covered Shanghai War, put in a few months at the Ministry of Information at Hankow in 1938 and then again went abroad to participate in the World Youth Congress, New York, and visited India, Middle East, Europe. After a six months' lecturing tour in U. S. he was back in Shanghai on the staff on *China Press*, succeeding the well-known leftist writer Mark Gayn as City Editor and News Editor. On Pearl Harbour Day, the Japs closed down *China Press* and imprisoned the editors releasing them subsequently on promise of "good behaviour". Feng stole out of Shanghai with wife Peichung and two-year-old son David, disguised as cloth merchant sojourning with family and travelling by every known means of conveyance—except, of course, the aeroplane—reached Chungking. In 1943 he joined the Central News Agency of China and the following year, was sent to Burma to cover war there. Now he is the representative of the *CNA* in India with his headquarters at New Delhi. Feng has already jumped over to Kandy from Calcutta after having strenuously covered Wavell talks, leaving smiling wife Peichung and little fellow David behind. Great guys were they, Brooks and Feng. *Forum* salutes them both!

Paul Feng
that he loved the Chinese . . . .

AFTER THOUGHTS ON SIMLA

Humayun Kabir

THE HOUSE THAT JINNAH BUILT

The Leaders' Conference at Simla met in an atmosphere of optimism unusual in negotiations between the British and the Indian people. In fact the initial outlook seemed so bright that many found something unreal in the whole situation. The background was not one which encouraged hope. The last three years have seen struggle, conflict and bitterness of an order unparalleled even in the chequered history of Indo-British relations. The abnormal conditions created by the war affected people all over the world. In India, they were aggravated by the acts of commission and omission of the Government since August, 1942. Hunger, nakedness and disease stalked the land. The famine in Bengal was the highlight of a slow process of starvation sweeping through the country as a whole. The problem of nakedness reached a climax in Bengal, but other provinces in India were not immune. The energies of the people are exhausted in the mere effort to keep alive. It was in this background that the Simla Conference met.

After Thoughts on Simla

Men broken in body, but not in spirit longed for a respite from their ordeals. Many felt that the tension and strain must be relieved at any cost. Rehabilitation of the people demanded a restoration of normalcy. The British also showed signs of a growing realisation of the importance of a settlement with India. Victorious in the war against Germany, England yet languished from the terrible strain. She had taxed her strength to the utmost and beyond. Tortured India and exhausted England were more anxious for reconciliation than perhaps at any time in their history. There has never been greater willingness on the part of the British and the Indians for a settlement. And yet the settlement was denied at the last moment through the instrumentality of one man. After all the parties had come to an agreement, Mr. Jinnah succeeded in torpedoing the conference. He has, therefore, won a victory at Simla, but it has been a pyrrhic victory.

One thing must be clear. The conference broke through the instrumentality of Mr. Jinnah, but the prime responsibility was not his. He was an instrument in other and more powerful hands. His position and pretensions have been known for almost a decade. In the General Elections of 1936-37, he was rejected by the Moslem electorates of India. Between 1932-36, he hardly existed on the Indian political map. Failures had forced him to abandon Indian politics and seek consolation in professional work in England. And yet after 1937, the British suddenly discovered in him the sole champion of Moslem rights in India. We need not enter into the details of the process by which the British built up Mr. Jinnah step by step. The acceptance of his leadership by the Premiers of Bengal and the Punjab are not explicable on any hypothesis, but gubernatorial intrigue. His recognition as the sole spokesman of Indian Moslems during 1939-40 is equally mysterious. Of the Moslem majority provinces, not one accepted his leadership easily or whole-heartedly. For the greater period since the inauguration of provincial autonomy, ministries functioning in such provinces either owed no allegiance to him or only paid him lip homage. Sir Sikander Hyat Khan in the Punjab and Mr. Fazlul Huq in Bengal behaved much as they liked. Sind and the Frontier have been even less amenable to Mr. Jinnah's influence.

The Spate of Demands

Ever since 1937, Mr. Jinnah has gradually been raising the level of his demands. In 1937, he wanted some position for his men in the Congress Cabinets. Later, he changed his demand into one for coalition Cabinets. Even at this stage, there was no suggestion of a demand for parity between the Congress and the League. After the resignation of the Congress Ministries in 1939, his demands increased. It now became parity in the Centre and the provinces.

Humayun Kabir
Jinnah had his way . . . .

After 1940, the demand for division of India came up. In 1941, he suddenly discovered that the League was the sole representative organisation of the Indian Moslems. He developed simultaneously a strange nervousness about Moslems outside the League. In 1937 his League had come into a coalition with the Moslems of the Krishak Proja Party on the sufferance of Mr. Fazlul Huq. Till 1941, there was no claim that the League alone represented all the Mussalmans of India. Even in 1941, the claim was more of a bargaining counter than a serious demand. After the collapse of his arrangement with Mr. Fazlul Huq Mr. Jinnah's supporters were ousted from the Bengal Ministry. They had no hope of returning to power without the help of Moslems outside the League and made frantic efforts to secure such help. Even Mr. Jinnah, it is reported, was anxious to send his nominees into the Cabinet in coalition with the Moslems from other groups in order to isolate Mr. Fazlul Huq. The League's demand for exclusive representation is therefore a very recent development.

It Was Jinnah who Surrendered

All this was known to the British authorities in England and in India. It was also known to them that Mr. Jinnah has always toed

AFTER THOUGHT ON SIMLA

the British line whenever the alternative was to go to wilderness. Mr. Jinnah had declared against co-operation with the British war effort. Nevertheless, members of the League were permitted to co-operate in war effort in their individual capacity. A careful analysis of the political events since 1937 will show that not on one occasion has Mr. Jinnah dared to act in a way which he knew will be really opposed by the British. There have been plenty of mock heroics, but when the actual time for a show down came, it was always Mr. Jinnah who surrendered.

Lord Wavell is, therefore, right when he says that the responsibility for the failure of the Simla Conference is his and his alone. If he had decided to go ahead with the Conference, either Mr. Jinnah would have come in or Muslim League would have been finished as a political force. Built up on British patronage and composed of beneficiaries of British rule, it is only political orphans who discover in it a fighting force. The Knights and Nawabs who constitute its leadership can hardly be expected to launch a struggle against the Government. Even its allies damn it with faint and dubious praise. They shout about the League patriots, but the very term suggests that they are of a different quality from those who are patriots without qualification. If the success of the Simla Conference was conditional on the agreement of Mr. Jinnah, the conference might not as well have been called at all. It has been suggested that Lord Wavell was personally in favour of seeing the conference through, but had to desist under orders of Whitehall. Even if this be true, Lord Wavell's surrender to the intervention of Whitehall makes him responsible for the outcome. He has written with admiration of Lord Allenby in Egypt, but Lord Allenby forced the hands of the British Cabinet in similar circumstances. If Lord Wavell knows Lord Allenby acted rightly, then by his own standards he acted wrongly at the Simla Conference.

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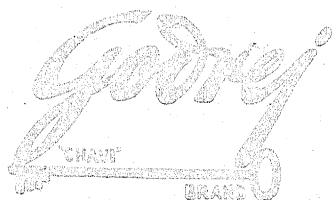
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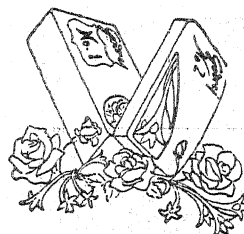
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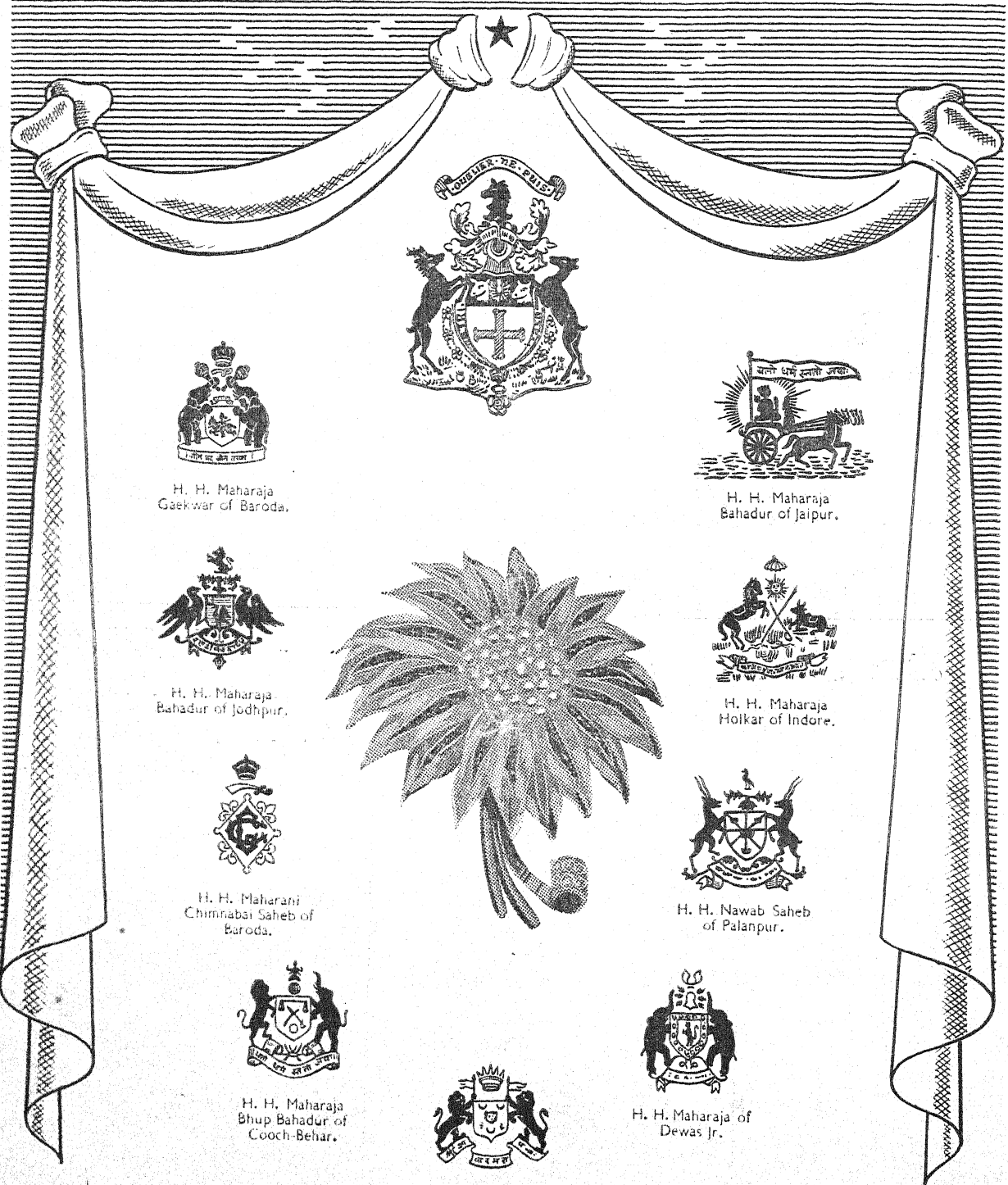
PRAGUE, VIENNA & SIMLA ★

Valerie Wagg

A FOREIGNER'S IMPRESSIONS

Valerie Wagg

Simla pines . . . .

Vienna Born, Russian parent-aged, British nationalised (on account of her marriage to an R. A. F. officer killed in the blitz) Valerie Wagg ruminates over three great cities of the world. Intelligent and bright-looking Valerie is now life-partnered to famed American novelist, Alfred Wagg of 'Chicago Tribune,' who was utterly impatient with Jinnah. Madame Wagg writes for the Sunday section of the 'Chicago Tribune', and contributes for Frank Gannet's 27 publications. Explosive, bearded Alfred Wagg has hit the headlines with his novels. His well-known novels are A Million Died (Nicholson and Watson) being a background of the first campaign in Burma in 1942. No Sphagettti for Breakfast (Nicholson and Watson) being a satire on the Italian campaign; Rolls for Marie (Hudson) has the background of ealry China and No Bridge to Heaven is based on the experience of a nervous wrecked air man. Metro Goldwyn Meyer has bought one of his stories and Thackers are reprinting one of his novels for the Indian readers. The Waggs were recently in Bombay and are now on their way to China. Now read on!—Ed.)

What do we think about when we say our mind is a blank—exhausted from the effort to digest and create? I find the only rest and peace comes from interjecture with nature. The serene colours, pleasant and soothing to the eye, the mystery of the trees, is reassuringly relaxing.

In Simla some weeks ago—that place of memory that has become sinister to some—I spent most of my time in the lovely scented woods. For hours that trailed behind one another uncounted, I walked away from the crowds, away from the human noises—alone with nature and its personal, stabilizing affect. The only creatures I encountered on those solitary walks were the coolies and the tiny jungle folk. Panting, sweating, loaded with long unwieldy pieces of lumber balanced over their backs, the coolies crawled, step by step, up and down the hills. I hardly ever saw their faces. I stopped and stared at first. I wondered what that brain beneath that inhuman weight was thinking.

I remember the remark of an American soldier. "I'll just have a coolie give me his load for a while. Just to find out what it's like to walk with your head bent, your eyes fastened to the ground." He could not fathom his miserable existence any better than I.

But up in the woods there was nobody to interfere with mind's design. Stillness lingered among the heights of the trees. The snobbish and aloof pine trees were fraternally bending their proud heads towards each other in the persuasive atmosphere of a faint breeze. There were the comforting sounds of birds and the sharp staccato of the yapping monkeys. The sun brightened the rich green colour of the grass and browned the ground—I felt relieved, detached, far away from human curiosity and melodrama.

Staring into the reflective, cloudless sky I was taken back through the long distance of years to scenes of similar happiness. I wondered about Prague, the capital of Czechoslovakia. What was it like today? With its woods and its pinetrees so much like these pinetrees that I now adored, I remembered and wanted to remember. What happened to the many friends I made during my stay there? What would their future be? And those who were forced to leave during the occupation? Would they return? Prague the city of many towers and ancient buildings, of wisdom and beauty, combines the new and the old so harmoniously.

Will the fostered hatred intensified by years of subjective cruelty by the hungry ego of the enemy remain in revenging spirit within the souls of the liberated? Will they be able to become themselves again? Will this of even life itself, be overshadowed by the newly reborn spirit of freedom?

And feminine Vienna, and Warsaw and the many other cities of character and stature—what has that forceful domination done to the helpless and the weak—the disarmed and the crippled? How can humanity re-adjust itself from the results when evil countered evil; when trust was banished for so long; when loveliness of women became the banner of want and prostitution? What is the future of those children who have witnessed the deeds of basest humans and many born of that blood? Will they forget? Their short lives are already darkened by the loss of mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers,

(Continued on page 50

A coolie panting upwards.
Can you fathom his miserable existence?

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(2) To convert into a cultural centre the buildings at Jorasanko in Calcutta—the home of the Poet and his ancestors, where not only was he born and breathed his last but which served also for three generations as one of the fountain-heads of cultural movements. These buildings should be preserved as a national memorial by establishing therein (a) a national museum, (b) a national art gallery, (c) a national theatre, (d) research and planning laboratories for nation-building activities, (e) relief society, and (f) an international hall of culture.

(3) To make suitable provision for periodical award of prizes in memory of the Poet for literary work of outstanding merit or for original research work in any Indian language.

Near about a crore of rupees will be required for the purpose. All contributions to the General Secretary, All-India Rabindranath Memorial Fund, 1, Burman Street, Calcutta, will be acknowledged with thanks.

SURESH MUJUMDAR.

PARITY PARODIED

Magnus

WHY SIMLA CONFERENCE FAILED

Stout Andhrite, off the Recordman Magnus Chellapathi Rao and his dear friend Shankar make a formidable team in the capital of the Indian Empire. Together they rouse the ire of the Begums and Nawabs of Delhi . . . .

Brilliant, unsurpassed master of our cartoons Keralite Law Graduate Shankaran Pillai, who shakes the foundations of the Raj from the Delhi end with his caricaturist brush has now greeted us on our second anniversary. He eluded the 'Forum' on its first birthday, but kept our small cheque without cashing it adding it to those of even a Viceroy and his Executive Councillors, who demand the originals of his cartoons. Hit on Shankar, hit on!

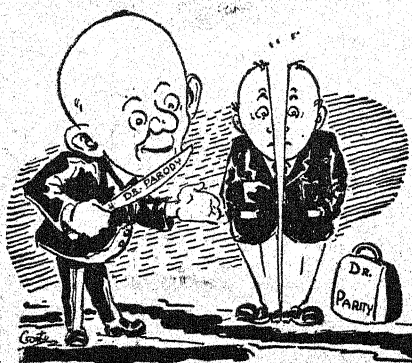
'Are you surprised that the Simla Conference has failed? The whole basis of it was wrong. It started with the idea of Parity but nobody had the sense to see it to its logical end. I tell you, Parity is the basic principle of life', said the Professor of Parity in an exasperating exhortation.

'Yes, I know', declared the Professor of Parody. 'Without Parity, there is no life. A man must have two eyes, if he wants to see properly. He must have two ears, if he wants to hear properly. He must have two nostrils, if he wants to breathe properly. If there were enough space, he would have had two tongues in his cheek'.

'Throughout history, the Principle of Parity runs like warp in the woof of life, or *vice versa*', said Dr. Parity. 'The Spartans had two kings. The Romans had two Consuls. Why? Because they knew that without Parity there could be no political stability'.

Dr. Parody assented vigorously 'I see it clearly. If a country is to be worth anything, it must have two Kings. If a patient has to survive, he must have two doctors. If a man is to preserve his sanity, he must begin with two wives. If he has bank accounts, it is all for his good'.

Dr. Parity was not satisfied with this bland, Bertrand Russell-like, philosophical explanation of Parity He reverted to the Simla Conference: 'Hindu-Muslim Parity was a very good thing. But it had certain logical flaws. League-Congress Parity would have been better. But having conceded Hindu-Muslim Parity, neither the Government nor the Congress should have refused Parity between the League and the Rest?

'Your plan is not complete', said Dr. Parody not to be outmatched. 'League-Rest Parity would be meaningless without Shia-Sunni Parity. You remember the Tabarra agitation in Lucknow. You know that the League is dominated by Sunnis, while great Muslims like Sultan Ahmed are Shias. There will be trouble, if you do not concede Shia-Sunni Parity.

"Parity is the basic principle of life".

'Why not', asserted Dr. Parity, like a parrot. 'League-Rest Parity and Shia-Sunni Parity and the problem is very nearly solved'.

Dr. Parody was evidently not satisfied. 'There is one snag in all this', he said.'The Scheduled Castes will never accept it'. They will want Parity with Caste Hindus. With Hindu-Scheduled Castes Parity the League-Rest Parity scheme is nearly complete'.

'I would go further', said Dr. Parity. 'Since there must be Parity within Parity, why not Parity within Parity within Parity? I would even concede Parity between Chamars and Mahars. What do you think? There need be no conventional prejudice in the way?

'Excellent', said Dr. Parody, seeing the triumph of his ideas. 'But the League-Rest Parity is not nearly so complete as we thought. There are the Christians, for instance. Among them there are Catholics and Protestants, not to speak of Syrian Christians and spiritually circumcised Syrian Christians. Unless there is at least Protestant-Catholic Parity, there is no meaning in the Christians accepting any Constitution.'

Dr. Parity was feeling bewildered, but he did not want to admit the defeat of his own favourite principle. 'I see what you mean. The editor of *Forum* has by his marriage accepted Protestant-Catholic Parity. There is no sense in refusing to apply it on a wider scale. But what about the Parsis?'

'I have thought of that', boomed out Dr. Parody, without a moment's hesitation. 'Christian-Parsi Parity is but just. And having accepted Protestant-Catholic Parity, we must concede Parity between Sun-worshippers and Mammon-worshippers among Parsis'.

'I see more difficulties', said Dr. Parity, seeing some dim truth in the distance. 'Where do Marwaris come in?'

'Blazes!' swore Dr. Parody. 'We cannot forget them. They must come in somewhere. Marwari-Gujarati (Bania) Parity would not be bad idea. And among Marwaris, Jodhpur-Jaipur Parity and among Gujaratis, Kathiawad-Gujerati Parity is inevitable.'

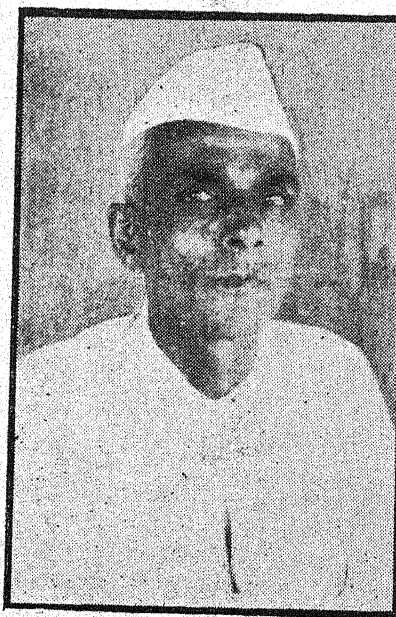
Dr. Parity was getting exhausted, feeling somewhat humbugged. He saw more hares—or scares—running about. 'What about Brahmins?' he asked in horror—and he was a Brahmin, a South Indian Brahmin.

But Dr. Parody was also a South Indian Brahmin and he was equal

continued on page 38.

would be difficult to imagine greater amount of talent compressed over a smaller area. The spring lctures of the Reformatory was a combination on the highest level of oratory with political earnestness. Kakubhai's lectures on khadi, Dhurandhar's thesis on British Empire and Kaka Gadgil's review of political situation would not be easily forgotten. The social life was divided into several clubs, the most compact and best run being the *Colaba-club* under Bhausaheb Pant's guidance. There were lectures from early morning till late at night, on Upanishads, Dialelctics, Modern European languages, on idealogies and political thought patterns; Mama Deogirikar was the standing host of a number of parties and his culinary skill, especially his special dish of potato-rice, would not be less remembered by political Maharashtra than his historic fast of full three weeks. There was not a single party anywhere in the offing but that Dahyabhai's, the great Sardar's son, would get scent of it in good time and foil all our ingenious attempts to keep him in the dark about it. Sundays were looked forward to by the selected few who were invited to the whole milk tea otherwise called *Lagu special* where Dr. Lagu of Poona used to preside at his Sunday table assisted by Acharya Limaye and Booa Gosavi. The deliberations of the war experts committee consisting of Gadgil, Antrolikar, Firodia, Khadilkar, Deogirikar and Dhurandhar, used to be a weekly feature and after long and no doubt very able discussions, the committee after felt an irresistible desire to communicate their strategic perspectives for the guidance of friends and foes alike! These were great times indeed and I do not suppose that anyone of the 150 to 200 residents of Reformatory would not but prize the Reformatory days as a precious memory.

Nasik Jail

Equally memorable is the Nasik period of my jail life, where I was transferred in June, 1941, and came for the first time in contact with politicals of Bombay Presidency. The 150 prisoners were divided into three barracks of whom some fifty were shepherded together by Comrade Sardesai into order and discipline. Their relations with the rest, although correct were certainly reserved. Next came the Baboo barrack under the guidance of Dr. Sathye with his lieutenants, P. K. Savant, Korgaonkar and Borkar, who used to arrange all public functions in jail —and they were many. The Gujrat Group consisting of such stalwarts like Kanjibhai, Dr. Chandulal was directed by that extremely amiable

R. R. Divakar
the veteran fighter . . .

and cultured scholar-leader Dinkarrao Desai whose conversation never failed to refresh me; the great *Esske* (S. K. Patil), whose skill at bridge and sense of humour were so proverbial that he was reputed to be willing to sacrifice a friend for a good joke; Bhavanjibhai, with the kindliest and loveliest smile I have ever seen, Wandrekar with his moonlight parties where everything was improvised at the 13th hour except the guests. Then the tall neat-featured Joachim Alva, who had been looking at me from a distance as one looks at a snake in grass (his very words) walked into my cell, sat down and spoke.

I felt instantly that here was a meeting, birth of a friendship. He spoke of his legal career, of wishing to start a weekly on the lines of American *Time*, he had a ready answer to every objection of mine. We discussed the form, the format, the features, the style, the outlook of what is *Forum* today.

Forum was born in cell No. 44, barrack No. 3 of Nasik Road Central Prison.

SURAT COTTON MILLS

Well done! That's the way to defeat profiteers. Do not let them bluff you. If they try to overcharge take a cash memo and report them to the police.

Issued by the Department of Information & Broadcasting, Government of India.

The B. B. C. AT SIMLA

its stumbling blocks and why they existed.

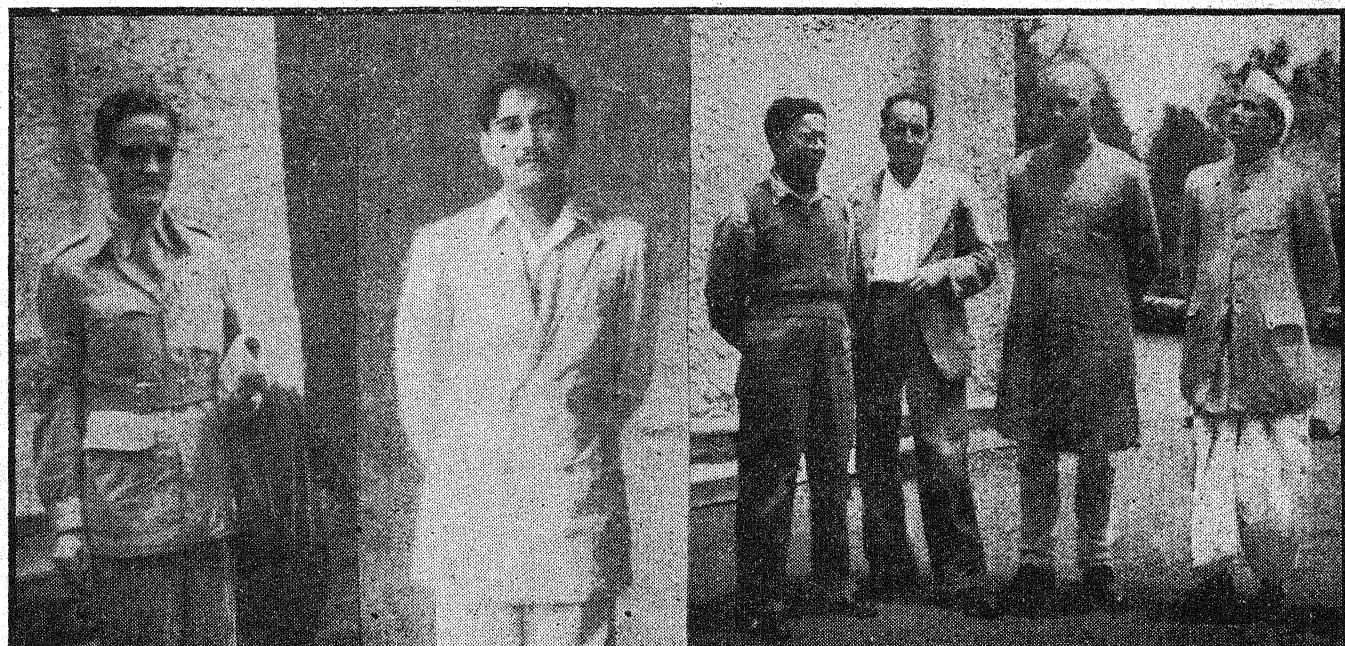
For us, the BBC in India—and we're very, very small in number —we regarded the Simla Conference as, among other things, providing us with an opportunity of serving India, of presenting a true, impartial picture not only of its problems but of its greatness. It is for our listeners in Britain, in India and overseas to say whether we have succeeded.

Oh, Those Punjabi Gals!

We found Simla's air invigorating—especially after New Delhi's 115 in the shade; the magnificence and grandeur of the snowcapped Himalayas which we saw in all their glory the evening we went to attend Mr. Gandhi's evening prayers, we shall not quickly forget; we enjoyed living in Burj House, because it gave us an opportunity of meeting many of India's press representatives, most for the first time, and discussing with them, sometimes until the early hours, Indian politics; we fell in love with the Punjabi girls, whose charm we shall never forget and we're grateful to all those Indian leaders who granted us some of their valuable time to enable us to get, at first hand, their views on the problems that, unfortunately, were not overcome.

We learnt a lot about India, we came to appreciate more its people and their difficulties, we made many friends and we thought the Posts and Telegraphs Department, sometimes maligned, did, at Simla, anyhow, a grand job—they got one of our despatches through to London in an hour.

And last, but by no means least, we formed the opinion that the Conference, even though it didn't arrive at any settlement, was not an utter failure, not a waste of time. Because we thought it did much to "clear the air", showed us, and the world, a new spirit; and the co-operation that, for the most part, appeared to us to be evident during the Conference, which was born of the Conference, and the unanimity and sound intelligent comment of the Indian Press, are surely an augury of better things to come.

SIX SECRETARIES

Major Rankin (Lord Wavell's Asst. Private Secretary), Khurshid Khan (Jinnah's Secretary), Humayun Kabir, (Azad's temporary secretary), Pande (Pandit Pant's secretary), Ajmal Khan (Azad's permanent secretary), and Upadhyaya (Pandit Nehru's secretary).

with diverse bosses they repaired to the same place . . . .

The Conference broke; but not immediately the spirit engendered by it. Four formidable secretaries ruled *Armsdelle*. Mild and unassuming Upadhyaya of old, Pandit Nehru's Secretary who had, so to say, rung out the old and rung in the new generation of Nerhus! Ajmal Khan was a sort of *danda* man, not as kind and pliable as Upadhyaya—ruthless with visitors and standing no d——d nonsense! He physically kept guard over the President whilst intellectual Humayun Kabir took over the intellectual ward for the Simla season with possibilities of extending it to a Kashmir holiday with the President. Parisman, ex-Kashi Vidyapith Professor, Chandra Dutt Pande, who claimed to recognise this scribe earlier than the latter did not former (had he not, he said, young as he was in Vidyapith glory, as one of the judges awarded the gold medal at the All-India Inter Collegiate Oratorical championship of 1934 to this editor at the Benares University?) Pande is a coming U. P. man with an all-India stride.

However, on Sunday 15th July after the Simla Conference broke Major Rankin came down to his own residence at *Armsdelle* with host Humayun Kabir and took tea. A few guests eat on the table over which Maulana Azad, Pandit Pant and later Pandit Nehru talked and ate for over a fortnight. Ahrar leader Maulana Habibur Rahman, who had just come out of jail after five years detention with his son, Asaf Ali's friend and companion Babubhai Makhani and his wife, Shrimati Humayun Kabir and this editor. Rankin recalled Oxford memories and his associations with the bar. Three years in India from

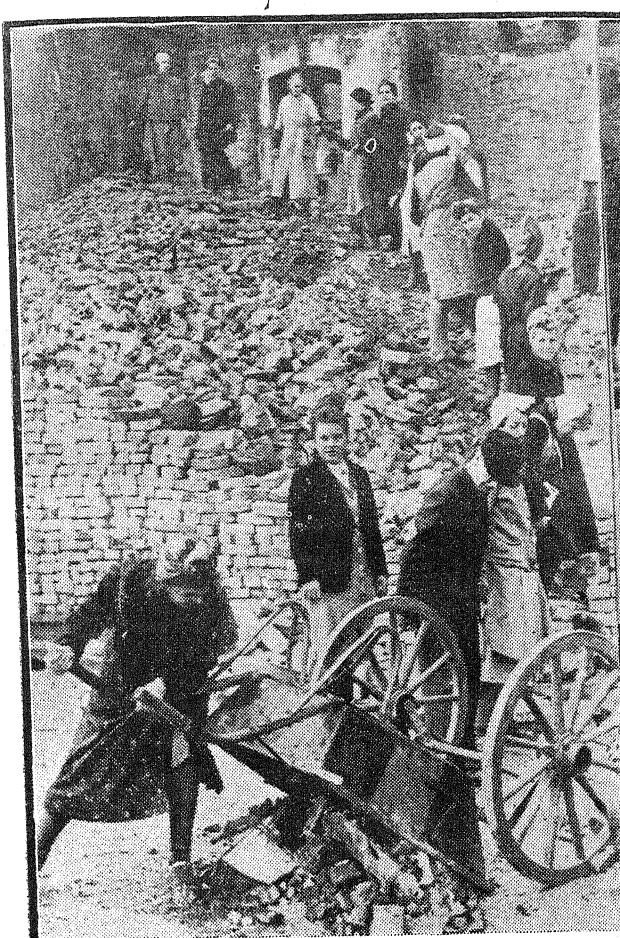
an officership in the army he had been elevated to the rank of Assistant Private Secretary to Wavell and was responsible for all the travelling, lodging and boarding comforts of the Wavell Conference invitees. "Your carpets are gone linen worn out and tables damaged" mentioned we, "but the renovation or renewal of the fittings will, perhaps, be one of the few items that every party will unanimously vote as a credit." Major Rankin later met the President and talked to him for a considerable time,

Moving *Cecil*wards aggressive Bengali Kabir and quiet Kashmir Khurshid met and ate together on one table. A scribe wagged that the only time when one nearest to Jinnah and another closest to Maulana Azad united and talked to each other at Simla was with the *Forum* editor as their common friend at *Cecil*.

Babubhai and Shrimati Makhani with Asaf Ali
they nursed and cheered him . . . .

LIFE IN GERMANY

(Above) A woman takes her sick husband to the hospital on a handcart.

(Below) Buries her dead

(Above) German women clearing rubble from Berlin Streets.

(Below) Children wait hungrily to gather fragments from the plates of Allied troops.

A CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN GAME

K. Srinivasan

DON'T BE TRICKED BY LABOUR

K. Srinivasan
anxious, maxims, practice . . . .

It is an axiom in politics, that in every assembly one man with a plan is equal to ninety-nine without one. A plan, however crude, is an expression of constructive thinking. Generous impulses, fine phrases and grandiose declarations make impressive reading but they are evanascent as mist and empty as a bubble.

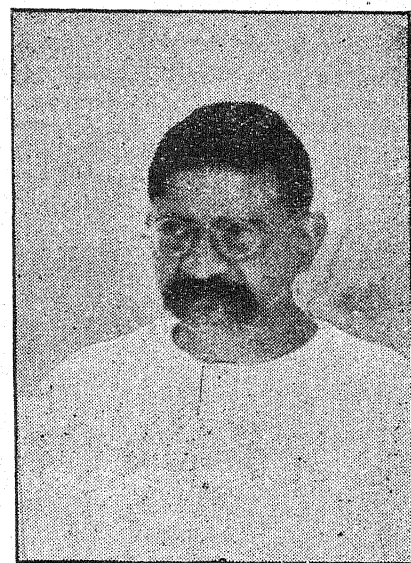
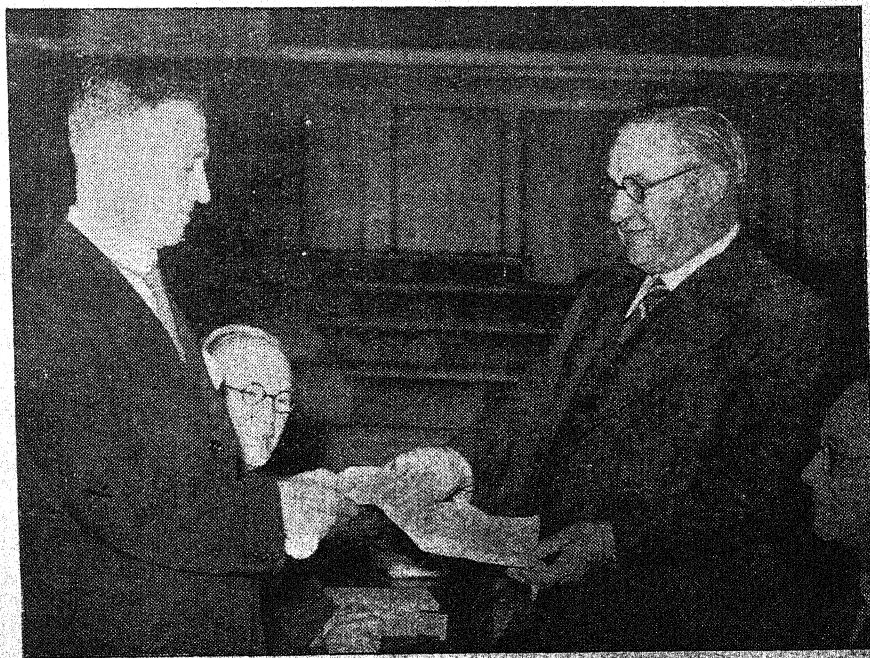
The British Labour Party has come to office a third time and this time with full power. When the first Labour Administration was formed in 1924 hopes ran high in India, that the long night of India's bondage was ended and that henceforward India would be a free nation, independent and self-governing. The Leaders of the British Labour Party had been ardent champions of Indian freedom and they frequently proclaimed their determination that if ever labour came to power, one of its first tasks would be to strike the fetters off from India's hands.

Keir Hardie and MacDonald

James Keir Hardie and Ramsay MacDonald pledged the wholehearted allegiance of the British Labour Party to the cause of Indian emancipation. A host of second-rank leaders, Lansbury, Wedgewood, Ben-spoor shared the enthusiasm of their topmen. On the Indian question they spoke and wrote with a heat most akin to that of the perfervid nationalist. But none of them had anything definite in his mind. It was just warm feeling and an indeterminate desire to do the right.

The August declaration of 1917 was not a soul-cleansing declaration of generous intentions. The Montagu Reforms marked the first attempt to transfer political power to popular hands. It was reported at that time that it was not a haphazard draft made at that time. Over a decade ago Edwin Montagu had been Under-Secretary of State. He produced a scheme for introducing self-Government in India and showed it to his Chief Lord Morley. Morley disapproved of its extremism and impracticability and put the scheme in a pigeon-hole. The Mesopotamian muddle drove Sir Austin Chamberlain out of India Office. Montagu came in and took out his scheme. Against all opposition, he piloted it through and the "Settled Conditions of British rule in India" got unsettled. Will the unsettled conditions get settled again?

Labour's Share

The Tories were without a plan. They muddled and muddled and have to the present. They tried the muddle man enquiry, the Simon Commission, the Round Table Conferences and the 1935 Act. Under the stress of war they tried even a Cripps Mission. In none of these they succeeded primarily because they had no clear set purpose. They had a strong desire to hoodwink the Forces and get on with their immediate objectives. In all these farcical attempts the British Labour Party took its full share. In 1924 it pleaded that the Party was in office but not in power. In 1927 they participated in the Simon Commission with the present Premier Atlee as one of the members. In the Round Table Conferences Labour played the Tory game. Today it has a new chance. But has it any definite plan? There is not one leader in the Labour Party who has any commitment, mental or otherwise to the ideal of Indian Freedom. Party declarations, there are in plenty and press interviews but nothing in a constructive way.

The Leader of the Party who happens to be the Prime Minister is a dull, unimaginative imperialist

Ernest Bevin filing nomination of his candidature
He will go no further than the Bevin Boys scheme . . . .

who, when associated with the Indian Constitutional enquiry thought that Controlled Provincial autonomy was all that was possible. The coldness of his attitude affected even his colleague Vernon Hartshorn and where the sincerity of Labour intentions could have been proved by a separate report, these two representatives of the Socialists affirmed the party's solidarity with the Tories on Imperial Issues by signing the Simon Report. In the solution of the Indian problem, the Prime Minister is a handicap. He has neither enthusiasm nor ideas. He is free from vulgar arrogance of Churchill but he is not free from the desire that Britian should hold India.

Bevin, Morrison and Shinwell

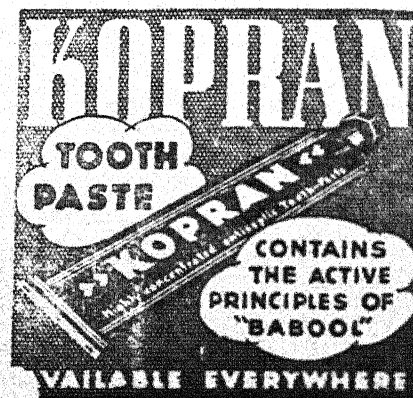
Nor is there any other Leader in the British Labour Party who has a plan to free India. Mr. Bevin, the weightiest personality in the Cabinet has a limited outlook. He thinks terms of training mechanics and would feel content with some proposal that would entrust the future to a few "Bevin Boys" trained in political mechanics. Mr. Morrison, does not have even a school boy's knowledge of India and, as leader like Mr. Shinwell, is as proud of the Union Jack floating over other lands as any dyed-in-the-wool Tory. Lord Listowel is a novice in politics and his words carry neither weight nor wisdom. Sir Stafford Cripps has some knowledge of the problem and some previous commitments but he has proved himself a dilettante bound to no principles and with his eyes on the main chance. Lord Stansgate (the Old Wedgewood Benn) is a dilapidated politician who had the most woolly ideas even in the days when he was young enough to be the Socialist Secretary of State for India. James Maxton sits in his ivory tower and is content to be in the right with his two or three Independent Labour Peers without getting embroiled with the degenerate Labourites. The Coves and Sorensens of today are less effective than the Lansburies and Pethwick Lawrences of a decade ago.

Sir Stafford Cripps
Will he crib?

Herbert Morrison
Know our India first . . . .

Catch-as-catch-can game

The only individual with any crusading enthusiasm is Prof. Harold Laski, the Chairman of the Party Executive. He has drive and some vision. But he is still a professor and has no experience of the political maze in Westminister. He has no plan for India, only some enthusiasm. Has he the courage to sign away the Empire of India? Will he risk his own position as Party boss on the solution of the Indian problem? Hardly likely.

It will again be drift, delay, postponement and shilly-shallying. There will be no solution on sound fundamental lines. The question will be left to Catch-as-Catch-Can political wrestles on both sides.

MAN DOES NOT LIVE ON BREAD ALONE

Amidst gold and glut, there is penury and penury and poverty. It has always been so. It should be no more, say planners. And, planning is now in fashion. All men of all political parties favour planning. That's the only thing common in this uncommon world. They all want planning. But, in different ways, for different purposes.

One doesn't know, whether Hitler is in his hide-out, or, dead. Wherever he is, he must be chuckling. He has every reason to feel flattered. His ideas have caught on. Britain, America, even Russia, are, to some extent, following the economic make-up of Nazi Germany. There's no denying that.

This trend has been foreseen. Remember the Radek-Zinoviev trials? Those communists accused of Trotskyism, of a right deviationist policy! There is a sophisticated version of this trend. It's all about the inevitable growth of fascism as a stage in the protracted fight for power between Communism and capitalism. This theory has many advocates. It fits in with recent world developments.

There is another version of the same theory. It's all about the managerial revolution. Centralised-bureaucracy is its other name. It may or may not be capitalism. But, its advocates loudly protest, it's not fascism. They argue, it's a device to seduce the black-coated worker, the floating middle class, to the proletarian fold.

Characteristics of a Chameleon

Both capitalism and socialism are exhibiting the characteristics of a chameleon. Both are capable of changing their hues. There are capitalists and socialists of various shades and complexions. There are instances of both favouring the same means. But for different ends. This centralised-bureaucracy idea, for instance.

Socialists want it to destroy capitalism, to control the means of production. Capitalists are not against it, either. The Bombay Plan, the Roy Plan, the Beveridge Plan, the Labour Party's Plan for nationalisation of key industries—all these plans involve control and direction of economic activity by the State.

What for? Capitalists want it for better distribution. At least, that's what they profess. Socialists, too, want it for better distribution. One point is clear. It's now agreed, capitalism cannot solve the problem of distribution. Capitalists themselves admit it. But, can it, solve the problem of production? Socialists don't think so. Wide-spread unemployment lends colour to the socialist allegation. State capitalism, socialists believe, is a strategic move by capitalism to get hold of power for itself; to shift the burden of its inefficiency to the public at large through the machinery of the States. Is capitalism, then, inefficient? It is, say socialists: Capitalism's bid for power arises out of shrinking profits, of declining markets. This is the old old argument against capitalism. Under-consumptionists and Communists agree in discovering this germ of decay in capitalism. There are occasional references in the Bombay Plan which accept this criticism. Note the similarity of all the plans everywhere. Everybody is in favour of higher employment, higher wages, higher public expenditure—everything which is likely to raise consumption to a higher level. In plain language, a capitalist is in favour of more labourers at higher wages in order to sell his product, to avoid depressions.

The Bombay Plan

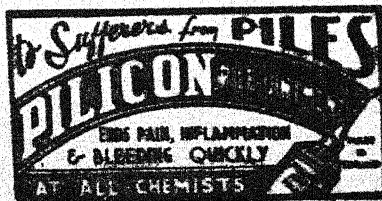
Yet, and here is the rub, capitalists are in favour of higher national income rather than a larger buying capacity. The aim of the Bombay Plan is to raise the *per capita* income, to expand the national income. In contrast the aim of the Roy Plan is to raise the purchasing power of the masses. Government are not very explicit about what their Plan is about. They are more interested in working out details, first.

A higher national income need not necessarily lead to increased buying power. Not, under-consumptionists would argue, in the absence of a corresponding rise in wages. Else, there would be over-investment, under-consumption, and, hence depression, with or without State control. That's why socialists believe, even state-capitalism cannot prevent the decay of capitalism.

Socialists want state control for better distribution. Capitalists, too, want state control mainly in order to bolstering up consumption, and, maintaining industrial profits. The latter want to eat the cake and have it, too. Profits without risk bearing. That's the fundamental difference between socialist and capitalist planning.

Both the Bombay Plan and the Roy Plan agree on one point: Nationalisation of land. It's always so, this law of jungle: The strong eat up the weak. Industrialists are energetic, combative folks, whereas the landed aristocracy is decadent everywhere. So, industrial capitalists agree with socialists about public ownership of land.

The Gandhian Plan

Remains the problem of discussing the Gandhian Plan with the capitalist-socialist schemes as the background. The fundamental difference is about the aim, the end. The Gandhian Plan is based on the aim of plain living and high thinking. It is a moral and not material aim. Hence the unbridgeable gap between the Gandhian Plan and the other Plans. Capitalist-socialist plans are based on the acquisitive instinct of man. The Gandhian Plan has the social aim as its foundation. It is not as much for plenty as for moral and material uplift. The ends are widely different. Therefore, there is no basis for comparison. The Gandhian Plan may not achieve, not aimed to achieve, material prosperity. But, then, man does not live on bread alone.

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER---WITH CONDITIONS

The first concrete result of the Big Three Conference at Potsdam, which conducted its negotiations behind a triple *purdah* and provoked caustic comments from all the world over for its secret diplomacy, has been the "Surrender Or Be Destroyed" ultimatum to Japan. By a curious and somewhat tragic irony, the proclamation was issued on the very day that Mr. Winston Churchill made his exit from the international stage as one of the Big Three! Was the overweening confidence of the late Prime Minister responsible for this denouement? Or was it due to sheer bungling on the part of the Allied Publicity Bureau at Potsdam? Either way, it was extremely regrettable—not so much personally for Churchill as for the psychological reactions upon the world.

Be that as it may, the terms offered to Japan are formidable and stern. They comprise the elimination of the war makers and the establishment of a peaceful new order. Until this is established, certain parts of the Japanese territory will be occupied by the Allies. Japanese sovereignty will henceforth be limited to the three main islands of Honshu, Hokkaido, Kushu and a few others. Japanese military forces will be completely disarmed and her industry will be curtailed to the minimum necessary to sustain her economy and to enable the Allied conquerors to exact their reparations in kind. The alternative to the acceptance of these terms is "prompt and utter destruction."

Between Cylla and Charibdys

All this is no doubt a terrible fate for a jingoistic nation, which has been indoctrinated with the superman, semi-divine, unconquerable ideology. The Japanese rulers are obviously placed between Scylla and Charibdys: Either way they find doom engulfing them.

Nevertheless, there are certain points about the Potsdam Declaration which Tokyo must have duly noted. In the first place, however, hard and drastic the Allied terms might be, the pronouncement does not amount to a call for unconditional surrender, even if it is described as such. The very enumeration of the conditions belies that descriptions. This brought a spirited protest from Dr. Evatt, the Australian Foreign Minister. He complains that the Australians and others (including India!) who are as much active belligerents as the U. S. and Britain, were not even consulted beforehand. "Our first knowledge both of its terms and publication came from the press." This is no doubt contrary to the spirit of San Francisco.

His chief grouse, however, is not so much against the manner of its publication as against the matter of the pronouncement itself. The terms, said Dr. Evatt, "appear inclined to treat Japan more leniently than Germany, despite the fact that the slightest sign of of any tenderness towards Japanese imperialism is entirely misplaced, having regard to the outrageous cruelties and barbarities systematically practised by the Japs." He concluded that these terms have a vital bearing upon the future security of Australia, New Zealand and India. The Melbourne radio subsequently declared that Australia was not a party to and did not subscribe to the terms of the Potsdam proclamation.

Dr. Evatt's protest has been echoed from many other quarters of the world. It is indeed rather paradoxical that at the very moment the Allied Commanders are bringing to bear their overwhelming military might upon the enemy, their leaders should try to make it comparitively easy for the Japs to lay down arms. This is in complete contrast with the attitude adopted towards Nazi Germany, for it is well-known that Hitler tried many peace-feelers during the closing months of the war in Europe—all of which were summarily dismissed.

The reason for this orientation are, of course, not based upon grounds of humanity or charity for the Japs. They are rather to be found in the attitude towards the Far East war by the British and American people. As for the former, they consider it merely as a damned nuisance, even if both the old and new governments placed it as number one on their programme. The very fact that the British parties indulged in the luxury of a General Election at the present moment is extremely significant. Whatever the British spokesmen may say, the war against Japan has not one-tenth of the supreme life-and-death concern which the war against Germany had for their nation.

America's target — Tokyo

The Americans on the other hand have taken the Far East war extremely seriously. It was after all Japan which dragged them into the armageddon and they will never be happy until the Tokyo menace is finally eliminated. Indeed there was a vocal section in America which urged that the U. S. ought to give priority number one to the war against Japan and it was only the far-sighted strategy of the late President Roosevelt which made the U. S. focus its attention on the Nazis first. Now the Americans are able to concentarte all their forces upon "Target Tokyo", but they are finding it not such an easy job. At any rate the proportion of casualties in the Far Eastern theatre is relatively far higher than that suffered in Europe. The Doughboys may take the toll of ten Japs for every one of them, but there are tens of lakhs of the fanatical Japs prepared to commit hara-kiri!

This realisation has naturally created great uneasiness among the Americans and led to a perceptible revision of their views. They are no doubt as sternly determined as ever to destroy Japanese militarism and its threat to America for all time, but at the same time they think that it would be senseless to continue the mutual massacre until the last Jap soldier is killed. After all even the blindest Jap can see the doom before him and the sheer instinct of survival—national if not individual—should dictate to him an early-surrender.

On their part the Americans will be satisfied with the spirit—instead of standing on the letter—of unconditional surrender. Probably President Roosevelt would not have been agreeable to this

subtle distinction between the form and the content of capitulation and would have resolutely and uncompromisingly stood for total and unconditional surrender. But President Truman porbably considers it prudent to recognize the undercurrent of uneasiness and to find a short cut to the end of the war. After all it is the American boys who are dying or becoming cripples and the roll of honour is rapidly mounting up.

The United States is not merely the senior partner in the war against Japan, but it is bearing the lion's share of its burden as well! This is a galling thought and many Americans are making no secret of their annoyance and even anger that the British have left the Jap baby almost entirely on their hands. The Yankee is always a plain-spoken fellow and during the last few weeks there has been a spate of outspoken comments on this subject. The Patterson-McCormick chain of newspapers has in fact started a regular propaganda on those lines.

The Paradox

"The story of the Pacific War to date is that the United States has carried some 95 per cent. of the entire Allied load. It was American power that cut the Japanese ocean empire into fragments. But do we go on carrying 95 per cent. of this load to the end of the Japanese war?" An editorial emphasises the fact that American casualties have exceeded the one million mark and demands that Britain—and even Russia—show considerably more warmth against the Japs. This was pointed, but not half so much as another charge levelled against the British that they sent their navy into the Pacific only after Admiral Nimitz had pulled out all the teeth from the Japanese Imperial Fleet!

"The unconditional surrender—with certain conditions attached!" paradox becomes understandable against this background. Truman and Churchill though their premises were different, arrived at the same conclusion and both decided to make it as easy as possible for the Japs to sign on the dotted line and thus to shorten the duration of the war. It is significant that there is no mention of the Japanese Emperor in the Potsdam declaration, nor any insistence that he should be deposed, as many earlier pronouncements of policy demanded. Even if Emperor Hirohito is not pro-peace as he is considered to be, the condition precedent of his removal would itself lead to a prolongation of the fanatical resistance of the Japs. On the other hand if Hirohito *orders* his armed forces to cease resistance, they can do so without loss of face, whatever reactions it may provoke in the ranks of the army caucus.

There is also another reason for the reorientation of Allied policy towards Japan. And that is the inscrutable attitude of Stalin. When the Potsdam Conference began, there were many optimistic forecasts that even if the Soviet would not actively join the war against Japan, it would throw all

ON THE BATTLEFRONTS

Continued [illegible]

its diplomatic weight against the Japs and even lease its Siberian bases to Allied bombers. The Soviet press had also adopted a critical tone against the Japs and some sensational developments were expected as the first fruits of Potsdam.

The Russian request for a loan running into billions of dollars from America was expected to strengthen President Truman's hand. The latter would naturally insist upon Russian participation in the war as a *quid pro quo* for American credits. But somehow Stalin's ace did not fall to Truman's trump and the Big Three declaration was signed not by Stalin but Chiang Kai-shek, who, poor fellow, had no other option but to initial the document!

His own position in China is none too happy at present and one should not be surprised if Chinese affairs take an unexpected turn in the near future. The news of the resignation of Dr. Soong, who was expected to return to Moscow to continue his negotiations with Stalin and Molotov, is itself a pointer to the critical situation in which Chungking finds itself at present. Chiang also is probably as anxious as his two other big colleagues to wind up the war against Japan so as to leave his hands free to attend to the domestic situation—and the challenge of the Communists to the Kuomintang regime!

It is a safe bet that had Stalin agreed to join the war, the Allies would have stood uncompromisingly by their unconditional surrender demand. Russia's participation would bring the end of the war appreciably nearer. *Per contra,* its continued neutrality would prolong the war. No wonder then that Truman, Churchill and Chiang thought better of it under the circumstances and proceeded to make the unconditional surrender a little conditional!

And perhaps for the same reason Admiral Suzukie, the Jap Premier, has dismissed the demand unceremoniously. He probably hopes that if only the Japs can bear it a little longer, the Allies on their part would further soften their demands. In that, however, he is likely to be disillusioned.

PRAGUE VIENNA & SIMLA

Continued from page 35

relations —murdered—butchered—strung by their flesh and tortured!

I thought about a friend of mine who just a few days ago wrote that he had gone back to his country. He is a free citizen now. He went back knowing that he would join the rows of suffering, hungry, under-nourished and diseased people. He well knew that there was little hope of quick relief. He knew too that other enemies of humans—greed, the lust for power, hatred, distrust and fear, threatened his country citadels. He knew his country must grow in a new spirit starting with the elementary teachings of survival and working upwards in a more socially conscious affair of their national life.

But home is eternal. The years of exile only increased his longing to be in his own home again. There remained only one doubt that hung shamefully in mind. One dread which he expresed in words, "The conqueror is proudly enthroned. After innumerable human sacrifices, rejoicing—will he carry the full weight of his responsibilities in bringing justice to the vanquished? Will he discern superficial values of victory until such a day when the deep seated evil growth is not only submerged into apparent goodwill, but completely exposed and eliminated.

The German people today are dazed and numb. But for how long will this last? They now are paralysed by the sudden punctuation of their efforts in unexplained collapse. But who can fathom or forecast the increasing spiritual resistance because of this fact and of which we have already too many instances.

The challenge is for strength. The hope is for perseverance. The mighty task is to kill the old spirit and create a new, bold spirit. To uproot the old and build a new!

Then my mind revolted at it's burden and I precipitated myself back to the Simla pine woods. Following with my eyes the racing clouds, I saw there in front of me as if passed in review for my special honour the powerful mountains that sit motionless atop the world heedless of time or hate. Lightly I looked for China over yonder peak. And here India. I realized two things. How much I knew and loved of Europe—the spiritual home to so many and that only my stay here in the Far East clarified this understanding. It also gave the opportunity to observe another peoples struggle for their cultural and ancient right of self-assertion.

EAST OF SUEZ

Continued from page 19

have independence", declares the Sahib, "but She lacks unity". Then he goes on to give a catalogue of the Indian ills and he is also ready with a list of palliatives. What he conveniently forgets to realize—even as a realist—is that at the root of all evils is the presence of the third interested party.

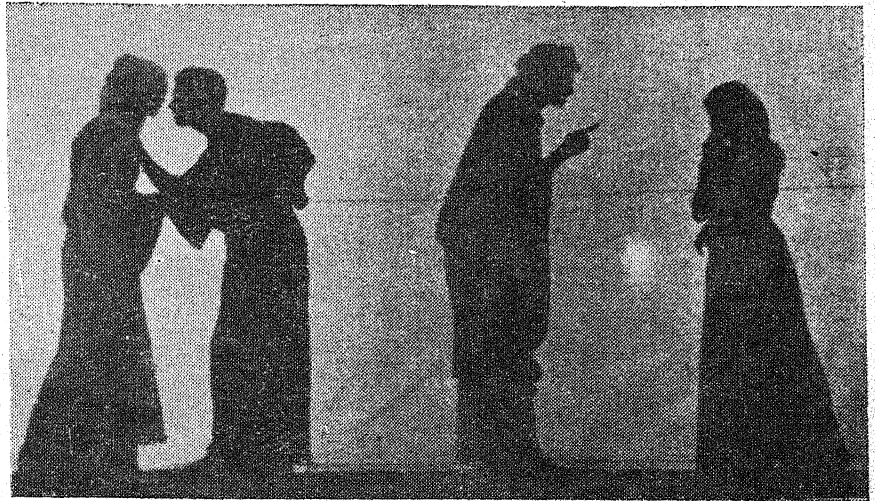
Advance Britannia

An Englishman is a very curious person. He wants to know, to learn and to criticize if possible. His curiosity has an aura of *naivete,* which gives it the look of sincerity. On his first introduction to the Eastern life he is full of questions—why is it like this, why can't it it be improved and so on. But underneath all these questionings there is a Sub-stratum of Distrust, of a hatred for everything Eastern. East is East, sang the English Poet in his incomparable verse and all Englishmen naturally fall in line with him. The Eastern people are peculiar, backward and averse to all ideas of progress. Naturally how can an Englishman look upon this arid state of things with the dispassiontae mind of a Yogi—he must do something, he must rule. The infallible superiority of the Westeners over his people of the East is the Major premise of an Englishman's curious logic—and all his actions are its natural resultants. Thus we find, even in Lord's Year 1945 the first Minister of H. M.'s Government proclaiming over the Radio "Advance Brittania"—this is not an advance against Fascism only, but against everybody who dare resist the onward march of imperialism of the English variety.

MELODY ON CALVARY

Produced by the Stanley Medical College, Madras.

A Shadow Pantomime by ***Nirmal Jacob***

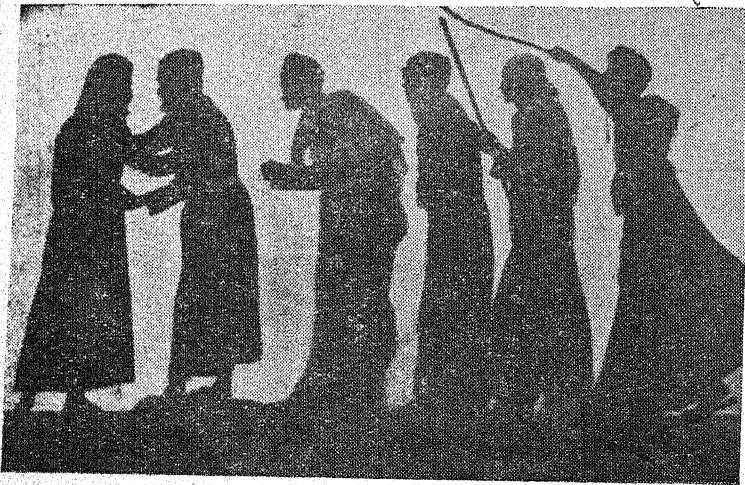
"The hot wind blew its breath into her face".

"They whispered and talked aloud".

"You know my son, the Galilean Carpenter".

"But Master why should you have such thoughts now?"

"See, see them! . . . the cripple, the blind" . . . .

"Father if thou be willing, remove this cup from me! Nevertheless not my will, but thine be done!"

MELODY ON CALVARY

"He came forward and embraced his master".

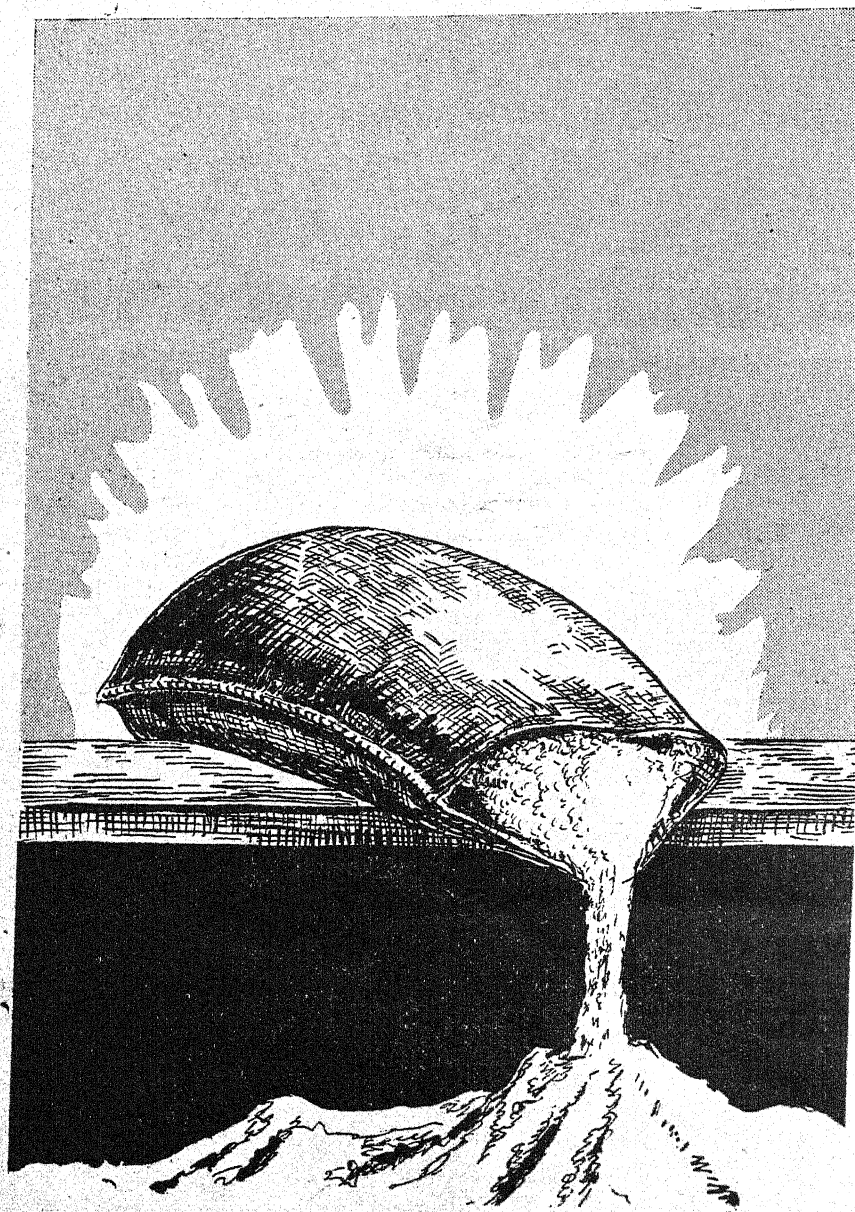
"He looked up into the Heavens".

Dragging the bruised aching body, draggging the heavy cross he paced out the dreary road

"Won't you hear a woman's plea! Won't you see a mother's tears!'

Photographs by A. Balakrishnan, V. Kuppu Rao, and Rao Bahadur Dr. K. N. Nair.

V PLUS V MAKES W

Old King Cole is a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul is he;
He has left his wife on the Scottish
heights,
With his two little girls, just six
and three.
He is gleaning around with his
eagle eyes,
This young King Cole of *Reuter's*
Raj,
Devouring up all the news and the
views,
From his corner in the spacious
Taj.
That's where we met and heard the
tale,
Deeds of those *Quit India* days—
Said S. K. Patil, "Let me regale
you
With the story of our journey to
jail."
"When Mahatma and I and a lot
of the others
Were packed up like some sinful
bane;
Jawahar's brain, Oh, it worked
like the mail;
It beat all the speed of the train.
He toyed with *V* till the *V* was
destroyed,
And changed all its meaning for
him;
V plus *V* was *W* he cried,
As he mischievously toyed his
whim.
W means *Withdraw;* he scribbled
again,
And added, that means *Quit India;*
Quit India was *V* and *vice versa,*
The puzzle was over, no *via media.*
But how was the nation to know?
So turning to me he blew in my
ears—
I put it on paper as fast as I could,
The magical riddle all over,
Thinking that someone soon may
discover.
But the guy who got it had never
reached *W*,
And my efforts to teach him were
vain,
The Policeman also no learning
could do,
So Nehru and I went to jail."
While *Reuter's* laughed and said
it was fine,
And Dayabhai Patel explained it all
over—
While Arjun Khimji stared as he
dined,
And Vanmala thought of her
diary,—
Forum just chuckled—one more
story.

—*Violet Alva.*

SHANTARAM'S SHAKUNTALA

Ever since Edison discovered movies over fifty years ago, the

Jayshree
hearty congrats...

motion picture has steadily grown more and more popular and is acclaimed today as the most popular form of entertainment in the world.

In the silent days, a picture, if it was extended even for second week, was hailed as a great success; but since the advent of talkies the extended runs have become a popular phenomenon. Outside India, the record of longest run is held by *Gone With The Wind* which ran for 83 weeks in Sydney and in America itself *Fantasia* which ran for 56 weeks holds the record of longest run.

In India *Shyam Sunder* (Marathi) and *Chandidas* (Bengalee) started the vogue of jubilees; but Shantaram's *Amrit Manthan* was the first Hindusthani picture to run for 25 weeks. Since then *Tukaram* (57 weeks) *Basant* (70 weeks) *Ram Rajya* (88 weeks) have created fresh records. But the signal distinction of having surpassed all records of longest run in any city both in India and abroad and celebrated the century week, goes to Rajkamal's and V. Shantaram's *Shakuntala.*

Shakuntala and *Forum* are almost of the same age and seeing *Shakuntala* on its premiere day we wrote that it should run sixty or seventy weeks. We have been confounded. It has now run 100 weeks.

Film Industry's Achievement

Apart from the personal triumph the 100th week of *Shakuntala* which signifies a new epoch in the film world, is undoubtedly the greatest achievement of which not only Shantaram and *Rajkamal,* but the entire film industry—or rather India should be proud. Indeed, in the hands of Shantaram the greatest classic of the world has become the creator of world record in long run and popularity.

Aptly is this occasion cristened *Jayashree Jubilee.* For Jayashree (which means Victory) is the life and soul of this picture. The way she has played the role of *Shakuntala* is so perfect that it seems as if Kalidasa's dream-girl has come to life. These two names—Jayashree and *Shakuntala* have become identical in the public mind. To Jayashree, India's popular star No. 1 today, we extend our heartiest congrtulations and look forward to her performance as the Chinese wife of Dr. Kotnis.

To Shantaram and all his associates in *Rajkamal,* we offer our unstinted tribute on the unique success of *Shakuntala,* which will always remain in film industry as a masterpiece of Indian motion picture art.

STUDENTS

TOP: Acharya Kripalani addressing a meeting at Pannalal Terrace on Tilak Anniversary Day.
BOTTOM: Students of J. J. School of Art on strike.

You can't beat PROOF!
DO NOT EXTRACT YOUR TEETH
IT AFFECTS GUMS, BRAIN. EYES, AND DIGESTION
A Drop of MAGIC TOOTH DROPS CURES TOOTHACHE AT ONCE!
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MOUTHWASH
TOOTHACHE
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